THE FISHER VILLAGE.

Charles Bernhard

from the

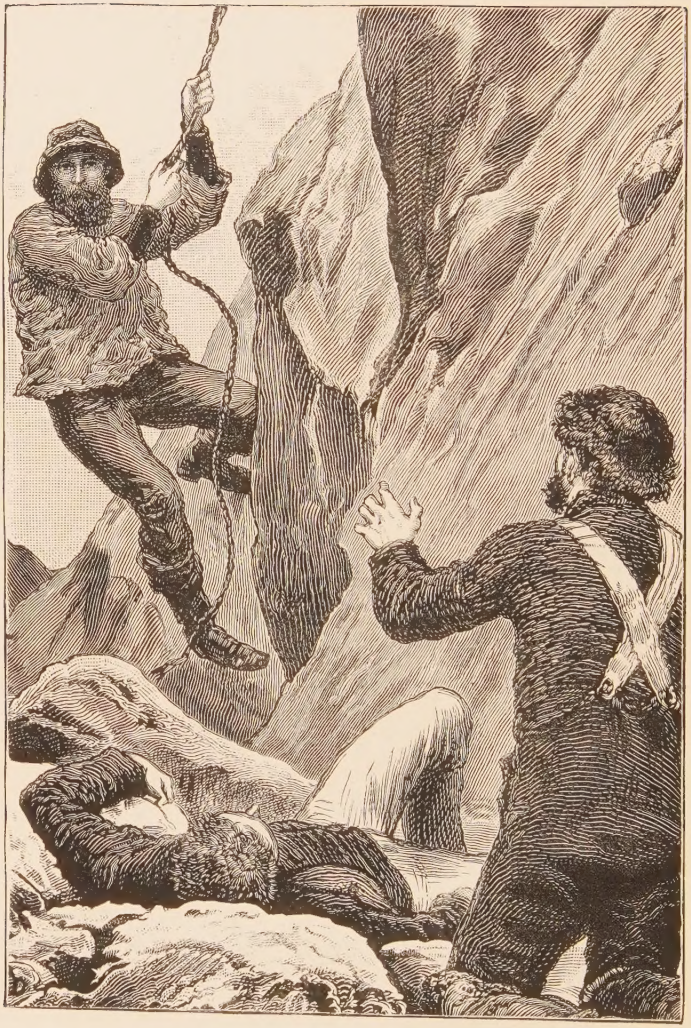
Second English

Lutheran S. S.

1894

(63)

82 Edn #40



THE LANDSLIP.—*See p.* 137.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

BY

ANNE BEALE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE YOUNG REFUGEE,' 'THE QUEEN O' THE MAY,' ETC.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

56 PATERNOSTER ROW, 65 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

AND 164 PICCADILLY.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/fishervillage00beal

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	THE WRECK OF THE 'SEA EAGLE,'	7
II.	ROUNCE'S RESOLUTION,	20
III.	A FISHERMAN'S SERVICE,	28
IV.	AT CROSS PURPOSES,	39
V.	POOR PHILLIS,	47
VI.	A STOCK AND A STONE,	57
VII.	CHANCE OF ESCAPE,	66
VIII.	THE FAVOUR ASKED,	75
IX.	AS LADY'S MAID,	86
X.	THE BETHEL FLAG,	95
XI.	A VISIT TO MRS. MORDON,	106
XII.	JOB ROUNCE,	115
XIII.	THE NORTH SEA FISHING,	124
XIV.	A LANDSLIP,	133
XV.	SAVED,	142
XVI.	SURPRISES,	151

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WRECK OF THE 'SEA EAGLE.'

THE fisher-village of Pebbleton was at the extreme east of the coast of Norfolk. The actual village consisted of one straggling street, the houses of which seemed to be chasing one another down hill to the sea; but there were some outlying dwellings both along the shore and on the tremendous cliffs. It might have owed its name to the construction of its cottages, for they were all built of the large round or oval pebbles, or sea-worn stones, gathered on its rough and dangerous beach. These were cemented together by mortar, and had an appearance of strength and

respectability unusual in the abodes of fisherfolk. They had brick roofs, and the cheerful red of the tiling contrasted well with the sober grey of the walls. Ornamentation there was none, and one cottage was much like another in form, though each had its individuality, as had its inmates.

Perhaps this was as much discoverable in the tiny gardens in front as in anything else; for some of them were fancifully inlaid with pebbles and boasted flower-beds; while others were left to take care of themselves. The windows, also, represented in some degree the mind of the inhabitants, some being adorned with white blinds within, and having their frames painted without; while others took no heed of such superfluities. No trees overtopped the houses, and few even were the dwarf bushes that managed to thrive so near the sea; though within a comparatively short distance the fine woods of Pebbleton Park flourished.

One side of the hilly village street terminated abruptly in the top of a strong sea wall, which was paved and enclosed by iron railings. There the sailors were wont to congregate to 'look out for squalls,' and hence stone steps led down the steep acclivity to the beach. In the immediate neighbourhood of this mimic esplanade was a curing house for the fish caught, and it was perhaps fortunate that it was 'a fashionable resort' for the Pebbletonians alone, as the strong fishy odour was not unpleasant to them. The cliffs between which the village was situated rose a hundred feet above the beach, and a road wound through the huge rift made by Nature in bygone ages, till it

reached the strand. A rivulet, also, ran its fantastic way among the cliffs to the ocean, and, like babblers in general, let its small voice be heard whensoever it could. On all sides Nature assumed her sternest and severest aspect.

The sea-wall aforementioned had been built by a noble-hearted philanthropist to save the village from the incursions of the sea, which, greedy of prey, was always crying 'More! more!' on this fierce Norfolk coast. It had already gained much of the land, and slips frequently occurred, endangering life and property. Still people dwelt fearlessly almost within reach of its voracious jaws, just as those who live close to the lava streams of volcanic mountains continue so to live in spite of fiery warnings.

But what benevolence and science could do to protect the inhabitants of Pebbleton had been done at the most dangerous of the many dangerous spots in its immediate vicinity, and hitherto the mighty artillery of ocean had been powerless to batter down the fortress raised against it by the forethought of man. It was a suggestive and interesting sight, that of the angry billows dashing and foaming against the wall from below, and feeble man watching them from its summit.

And the fishermen were always there. A strange infatuation seemed to draw them to that strip of stone pavement, and to keep them, leaning with folded arms on the iron railing, watching —watching— for calms, for storms, for boats, for ships, for any of the monotonous yet moving scenes passing on the broad highway of ocean.

'Tis about the time they should be home, isn't it, Job?' said old Murrell to Job Rounce.

'Very near it, I'm thinking,' replied Job.

'God grant 'em safety; that North Sea is an awful place,' sighed Murrell. 'Our Ted is so venturesome, that he must needs go from bad to worse, from rough to rougher, in search of fortune. And 'tis but natural, for he has been waiting a long time to get married, and if your Phillis wasn't one of a thousand she wouldn't have waited for him.'

'For him, indeed!' ejaculated Rounce. 'You forget that young Farmer Breese is determined to have her. That would be a very grand match for her, and he has her mother's and my good wishes. She may wait a score of years for Ted.'

Old Murrell was seated on a bench, mending a net. He was a fine specimen of the British sailor and fisherman; for he had been both. Though weather-beaten and bronzed, white-haired and wrinkled, he was hale, and would, in spite of the entreaties of his family, still 'go a-fishing.' The bench on which he sat was sheltered by an overhanging piece of rock, and, being placed in a natural alcove, did not interfere with the promenade of the fishermen.

Rounce was a middle-aged man, strong and keen-eyed, but with forbidding countenance, who stood pipe in mouth, leaning on the railings with his back to Murrell and his gaze on the horizon, if horizon it could be called. Several other men in sou'-westers and jerseys were beside him.

'Was you ever at the North Pole, Murrell?' asked Rounce, after an ominous pause. 'I have

been looking for him ever since I was a little chap, through the old telescope, and never seen him yet. I wonder if he sticks out or stands upright like a mast.'

'Don't be foolish, Job Rounce. You know he's too far off to be seen, and isn't a pole at all, only one of the ends of the earth. But if we could see far enough, we might see the big icebergs that surround him from this very wall. Sure enough the Lord's works are past finding out, and yet He minds us, and can hold the waters in the hollow of His hand, if so He thinks fit, to save us when we be in perils of the deep, and to order all our goings.'

'Looking for the North Pole' was not so mythical as it sounds, for such was the expanse of sea that stretched in front and around the spot where the men were, that, as old Murrell said, there was no obstruction anywhere to impede a view of the Arctic Ocean, had sight or telescopic power been strong enough. Nothing but a waste of waters on all sides; and they were wild enough at the moment, preventing the men from launching their boats, and causing their temporary idleness. Distant vessels crossed the sight, tossing up and down upon the waves, but no boats had ventured out that day.

'The Lord preserve the *Sea Eagle*,' murmured old Murrell, glancing across the ocean at the 'white horses' that were riding and careering about in all directions.

Almost while he spoke, a small vessel was seen battling with the waves at no great distance, and

the eyes of all the watchers turned towards her. Old Murrell laid down his net, and rose to have a better view through a telescope. She was evidently making for land, apparently in the direction of Pebbleton, where small craft now and then put in for shelter; but there was something amiss with her.

'The storm is rising; look to the boats!' cried many voices.

''Tis the *Sea Eagle*,' said old Murrell, with clasped hands and prayer in his heart.

And the *Sea Eagle* it was, for, with much difficulty and in considerable peril, the little vessel at last came within a short distance of the landing-stage at the bottom of the steps. The fishermen hurried down, and, in spite of the stormy sea, a boat was launched to board her, for on nearer view it was discovered that she was damaged, and in danger of going to pieces. She was, however, safely reached by the brave fishermen who manned Rounce's boat, the *Albatross;* and old Murrell, watching and waiting in faith and prayer, saw several of her crew descend into the boat, and receive from the hands of a fifth, who remained on board, a little boy, who was safely stowed away.

'That's Ted who stays behind with the cap'en,' muttered old Murrell. 'He'll do his duty, God bless him.'

The *Albatross* fought her way back to the little pier, and, landing the freight she had brought, again faced the billows. Meanwhile old Murrell made inquiries, and found that the *Sea Eagle* was damaged,

and that the safety of her crew was a miracle. While he was anxiously talking and looking at the vessel, a shrill voice near him was heard shrieking, 'Ted! Ted!' Turning, he saw a little fellow some four or five years old stretching out his hands towards the vessel and repeating his son's name. He took him up in his arms and sought to console him, but the child resisted, still crying out the name the father loved.

There was, however, no time for colloquy. The *Albatross* was in danger of being wrecked as well as the ship, for the waves were high and strong.

'God is above all, Phillis,' said old Murrell to one who appeared suddenly at his side, and whose hands were clasped, eyes strained, and lips parted.

The fisherwives and mothers were now thronging the esplanade as well as the steps; not that they had husbands or sons on board the small ship, but because they all loved Ted Murrell.

'Ted! Ted!' still rang out from the child's voice; and Phillis glanced from the sinking vessel to the terrified child.

'He will come to us—he will be saved,' she said involuntarily, putting her hand on his fair head; but he took no notice of her.

'Hurrah! hurrah!' resounded, as the boat reached the vessel.

'Thank God! Praise the Lord!' said old Murrell and Phillis.

The two men still left in the *Sea Eagle* lowered such articles as they thought best worth saving into the boat, and then got down themselves. They

were not too soon, for shortly afterwards she went to pieces, there, in sight of land. The danger, however, was not over. As if envious of the escape of their prey, the waves redoubled their strength and fury, and the watchers on shore saw the *Albatross* tossed from billow to billow like a plaything. Now she mounted on the summit of one gigantic wave, anon she was lost to sight in the hollow of another; and scarcely could the spectators discern whether Rounce and his friends, together with the pair rescued from the *Sea Eagle*, were within her or not. Every telescope that Pebbleton boasted was in use, and most of its inhabitants were onlookers.

'She's gone! God help the old folks!' cried one woman.

'No! there she is again!' exclaimed another.

'What's up?' broke in a somewhat gruff voice, as a sturdy young fellow suddenly joined the group of women on the wall.

A dozen voices explained.

'And Ted Murrell's in the boat!' muttered the young man, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face.

This was young Breese, as he was familiarly called behind his back, though to his face he was always Mr. Thomas. His father was a respectable farmer living in the parish of Pebbleton, and he was an admirer of Phillis Primrose, and consequently a rival of Ted Murrell. He watched the tossing boat till it came near the little pier, and then went down the steps to watch the landing of its freight.

The first thing he saw was Phillis Primrose on her knees, her face covered with her hands; the

second was old Murrell, with outstretched arms, receiving his son; and the third was a little boy clasping the legs of the rescued Ted, and so endangering his equilibrium. Young Breese stood on one of the steps above the landing-stage, while the other spectators crowded it; but nobody seemed conscious of his proximity.

'Thank the Lord thou art safe, my boy!' cried old Murrell, when the embraces were over, and Phillis shrank back among the women, having had a long warm pressure of the hand from Ted. 'And where's thy fortune?'

'Ted! Ted! Ted!' shrieked the child, pulling at Ted's jersey.

'Here's my fortune, father,' replied the young man, catching the boy up in his arms, while the little fellow nearly strangled him with embraces. 'He's the only living thing left of a boatful, wrecked in the North Sea, and I saved him from drowning. He's a Dutchman, and we can't understand him; but he's mighty quick at picking up English, aren't you, Kees?'

'That's the short for Cornelis,' said old Murrell somewhat proudly.

'Ya, ya!' exclaimed the child, clapping his hands; 'Cornelis van der Pol.'

Forgetful of all else, Phillis and the other women crowded round Ted and the boy, while the men saw to the landing of such things as had been saved from the wreck. Ted and Rounce shook hands, but not quite so cordially as might have been expected; for Rounce was Phillis's uncle, and favoured Mr. Thomas Breese.

'Under God, you have saved our lives; and I, for one, shall never forget it,' said Ted heartily, who was never known to bear malice.

'I hope not,' replied Rounce significantly.

'Better take the boy home, though I'm sure I don't know what we shall do with him,' said old Murrell. 'Run on first, Phillis, and tell mother and Patience, for I'll warrant me some news-bearer or other has frightened 'em out o' their wits.'

Phillis flew like a bird up the steps. She was light of foot, and the message she bore gave her wings.

'Phillis!' said a voice, while a hand on her arm stayed her steps.

'Yes, Mr. Thomas?' she replied, her face flushing all over.

'How is your mother? Did she get the pork we sent when we killed the pig last week, and does the milk come regular?'

'Yes, thank you, Mr. Thomas. She is much as usual, and I am sure she returns you and Mr. Breese many thanks.'

'And you, Phillis?'

'Oh, you know I am bound to be grateful, Mr. Thomas.' Phillis made a quaint little curtsey as she said this, looked Mr. Thomas in the face, and left him to wonder what the smile in her merry eyes and the laugh at the corners of her mouth meant.

He was by nature obtuse, and, having been always much indulged, was inclined to believe every circumstance must be in his favour, and every person subservient to him.

Phillis ran up the village street until she reached its topmost cottage. This was one of the neat ones, and the tiny garden in front was not only paved with round pebbles, but its beds were full of Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums in full bloom, and scarlet geraniums. Flowers in pots supplied the place of blind in the lattice window, but a white curtain was draped on either side of it.

'Ted's come home! Ted's all right, Mrs. Murrell!' cried Phillis, entering this cottage like a high wind.

The person she addressed lay on a curtained bed in the corner of the room nearest the fire. She was knitting, or, rather, wools and knitting-needles lay before her on the coverlet. She was a pale woman with a placid, patient face, and was, together with all her surroundings, scrupulously neat and clean.

'Are you sure? Have you seen him, Phillis?' she cried, clasping her thin hands, and striving to move. But she was bedridden, and could not uplift herself until Phillis aided her.

'Yes, I have seen him. He will be here directly. Where's Patience?' replied Phillis, colouring and smiling.

'She crawled up-stairs to try and see the ship that neighbour Nockells told us was going down. Oh, my dear! I am thankful I didn't know our Ted was aboard. He's the youngest of three fine boys, and the others at the bottom of the sea. Their bodies, I mean, my dear—their souls are in heaven. Isn't it a blessed thought that we brought 'em all up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? But where's Ted?'

Phillis was up-stairs before Mrs. Murrell had concluded a speech to which she was well accustomed, and had entered a tiny room, where she found a young girl on her knees.

'Patience, you know you oughtn't to kneel, and Ted's all right,' she said, going towards her friend, and assisting her to rise. 'Here are your crutches. Come quick. He'll be here directly, and he has brought the loveliest child! Just like him, isn't it?'

Patience Murrell was a cripple. She and Phillis were great contrasts — the one pale, fair, and necessarily quiet; the other bright, rosy, and active, ready of speech and resolute of action. They were fast friends, and their friendship was strengthened by their love for Ted.

They were scarcely down-stairs when he arrived, carrying the little Dutchman.

'Here I am, mother,' he exclaimed, giving the boy to Phillis, and going straight to his mother's bed.

Her weak arms found strength to enfold him, and he remained a few moments in her embrace; then, placing his hands gently beneath her back, he raised her tenderly, while Phillis hastened to shake up her pillows to support her.

'I haven't forgotten the knack, mother,' he said, laughing, while his eyes were full of tears. 'Now, Patience, my sweetie, how have you got on without me?' he added, turning to give his sister a brotherly hug.

'Well enough, you vain boy,' Phillis answered for her.

'Ted! Ted!' came from a grieving voice; and,

looking round, he saw his little friend standing alone in the middle of the room, with his tiny fists in his eyes.

'Mother, I have brought you a present,' he said, taking the boy by the hand, who, however, resisted the intended presentation to the invalid, probably being alarmed by her white face and white nightcap.

Further explanations were hindered by the arrival of old Murrell, attended by all the women, and followed by Mr. Thomas Breese, Rounce, and the rescued crew.

CHAPTER II.

ROUNCE'S RESOLUTION.

'I WISH you could stop indoors, Phillis. There isn't a sight in Pebbleton, however trifling, that you can resist,' said Widow Primrose to Phillis, when she entered the cottage in which she lived.

'Well, mother! A wreck may be a common sight enough on this coast, but you can't call it trifling,' replied Phillis.

'Don't be pert, Phillis. I say you could be of no use, and everything's neglected when girls go parading about. There's your uncle's stockings to mend, and that garnsey to finish, and Mrs. Sturt's gown to alter; and now there's your uncle's tea to lay.'

'All done in no time, mother,' said Phillis, at once going to the cupboard and taking out the tea things.

Widow Primrose, as she was always called, was a grumbler, and the wonder was that Phillis could have grown up such a cheerful, practical girl under her training. She was what is called 'a superior person,' which meant, in her case, that she had received a decent education, and had been housekeeper in a gentleman's family. She had married a farmer of the name of Primrose, who died, leaving her with one child and no means of support. Her brother, Rounce, who was a widower, offered them a home at Pebbleton.

But he proved an arbitrary and exacting companion, and was, moreover, given to drink, so Phillis was often at her wits' end between him and her complaining mother. She was, however, naturally cheerful, and, whenever she felt inclined to murmur, she paid a visit to the Murrells, and, as she said, took in a good stock of patience from their example.

She was clever as well as pretty, and had learnt dressmaking from a neighbouring artiste, as well as all that her mother could teach her, and such knowledge as the Pebbleton National School could impart. She was an efficient Sunday school teacher, and a great favourite of Mr. Repton, the vicar of the parish. Indeed, the Pebbleton opinion was that Phillis Primrose could do everything, and that she and Ted Murrell were made for one another, since there was nothing which Ted could not do, that he put his hand to. But being 'made for one another' does not necessarily imply that the two parts shall unite, and it is too often the case that, in spite of the original intention, they do not come together after all.

Nobody could say that Mr. Thomas Breese and Phillis were 'made for one another,' and yet both Mrs. Primrose and her brother Rounce intended them to be joined. They had met at a village treat in the vicarage grounds, and Breese had been heard to declare that she was the prettiest and sprightliest girl he had ever seen in his life. He had haunted her ever since, and had plied her uncle and mother with presents which were, to them, irresistible—for when one has a surfeit of fish and not very mealy potatoes, what can be more acceptable than gifts of pork or vegetables or farm produce generally? Mr. Thomas had not actually asked Phillis to be his wife, but certain symptoms prognosticated the possibility of such an honour, and it was as much as Phillis could do to avoid him, and more than she could do to make so obtuse a being believe that she did not want him.

And this was the state of affairs when Ted returned from his voyage, and suffered shipwreck so near home.

While Phillis was still engaged preparing her uncle's tea, Ted appeared at their cottage, holding Kees by the hand. He shook hands with Mrs. Primrose in a most demonstrative way. Phillis was standing near, and Kees went up to her with a look of recognition.

'This is the little boy Ted saved, mother,' she said.

'I should not think his father wanted any more burdens, but I suppose Ted knows best,' remarked Mrs. Primrose sharply.

'He says that he doesn't consider the Lord's gifts burdens,' responded Ted. 'I'm thankful to be at home again, anyhow, and to find you and Phillis looking so well. I hope to have some money soon,

and then I count upon having a little house of my own; leastways, if father and mother and Patience can do without me.'

'And this fresh Godsend? what's to become of him?' asked Mrs. Primrose sarcastically.

Ted looked at Phillis, and coloured. Could he ask her to begin life with him burdened with this foreign child? But her glance was fearless, and her hand was stroking the boy's fair head.

'I may as well speak out, Mrs. Primrose,' said Ted, encouraged. 'Although I have been unlucky again—or, as father says, although the Lord hasn't seen fit to send me fortune—I am still hoping for the time when I can ask Phillis to be my wife.'

'And I may as well speak out, Ted Murrell,' replied the widow. 'Her uncle has other plans for Phillis; and as he has given us a home I don't mean to circumvent him, and am sure Phillis would never be so ungrateful as to go contrary to my brother's will. If she was to say she would marry you, he'd turn us both out of doors; and, as you have no prospect of making a home of your own, with your sickly family, and now that boy atop of 'em, the best thing you can do, if you have any respect for me and Phillis, is to let her alone, and then she'd obey her uncle.'

'I am sure I should not!' cried Phillis.

Poor Ted glanced ruefully from mother to daughter He felt that Mrs. Primrose spoke the truth, and knew that he had no present prospect of making a home apart from his parents; and that it would be impossible to take a wife to them. He was too proud to stand in Phillis's way, and too much aggrieved with

Mrs. Primrose and Rounce to seek to conciliate them. Indeed, he knew the attempt would be useless; for they were bent on her marrying Mr. Thomas Breese; and such a match would be a great rise in the world, both for her and her mother. Still, he believed that Phillis cared most for him, and he hesitated a few moments before he spoke again. He was standing in front of Mrs. Primrose, who was seated in an elbow chair not far from the fire, her knitting in her hand. All the women were usually occupied in knitting the jerseys worn by the fishermen. She had an aggressive air, and her starched muslin cap, black eyes, and knitting-needles seemed to Ted all points that stuck right into his heart. Phillis looked almost as aggressive as her mother, only she was on Ted's side. He twirled his cap and fidgeted as he bore the widow's gaze, and finally gave her a bit of his mind.

'I should be the last fellow in the world to stand in Phillis's way, Mrs. Primrose,' he began; 'but if she likes me best, why, she'll be constant to me, as I shall to her.'

'What shall we hear next, I wonder? A fine prospect indeed! Why, you have just been away for a voyage, and with your usual luck you come back penniless, and are wrecked upon your own doorstep. And you to think of marrying, Ted Murrell!'

'Well, Mrs. Primrose, I'm hearty enough, thank God; and hope to begin life again to-morrow. I'm off to Yarmouth to get another ship, and shall make for a teetotal one. Although the *Sea Eagle* went to pieces, I can tell 'ee she did good service for the Lord.'

'I don't believe in your Bethels, and your missions,

and your preachings and prayings. The old way's good enough for me,' said Mrs. Primrose.

'You wouldn't talk like that, Mrs. Primrose, if you knew what good is being done to sailors and fishermen, soul and body. Many a one is now a God-fearing man, as used to be on the brink of destruction.'

'Why, you're getting as great a cant as your father, Ted Murrell. Phillis, what are you gaping at?'

'I was thinking, mother, what a blessing Ted's father had been among the fishermen, at home and abroad; how many lives he had saved, and how many medals he had won; and I was hoping Ted would follow his example.'

'Thank 'ee, Phillis. A good name's better than riches, and father has got that. There's no man in Norfolk more respected than he, though I say it as shouldn't; and I would rather stand in his shoes any day than in old Breese's, for all he is so well off and can leave his money to his son. You were talking to him, Phillis, on the steps. I saw 'ee.'

Ted's tone was so aggrieved that little Kees pulled him by the jersey. Phillis was afraid to explain, lest her mother should be displeased, and made no reply. They looked at one another instead.

'Well,' he began, slowly and thoughtfully, 'perhaps it would be better—' Here he paused, for the words stuck in his throat.

'Better what?' asked Phillis indignantly.

'What I pray will never come to pass,' he replied submissively. 'But, Mrs. Primrose, I hope no harm will happen either to you or Rounce for being so hard upon those who are worse off than yourselves. Maybe

my turn will come some day.' And saying this, Ted took Kees by the hand, and left the house without a word of farewell either to mother or daughter.

Soon after he passed out Rounce came in. The latter was not only out of temper, as he not unfrequently was, but the worse for drink, and asked in a surly voice what 'that fellow, Ted Murrell, was doing there, as soon as ever he came home?'

'He just looked in to see us, and no harm done,' said Mrs. Primrose, with a significant glance.

'He's an unlucky young man, and nothing seems to prosper with him,' returned Rounce.

'I think everything prospers,' spoke up Phillis. 'He helps to keep a good home for his mother and Patience, and has saved a child from drowning, and brought the *Sea Eagle* near enough to Pebbleton for you to rescue the crew, uncle; and very brave you were to do it.'

'Keep your opinions to yourself, girl,' said Rounce; 'and, if you mean to have a roof over your head, give up all thought of Ted Murrell. If you keep company with him, you and your mother may go to the workhouse, for anything I care.'

'No need for that, uncle. I can work for myself and mother too, and I will,' replied Phillis.

'You won't do no such thing, for I mean you to have a first-class home of your own, and then your mother can live with you. What dost think of Overlook? I've as good as promised you to Mr. Thomas Breese.'

'Promised me! What right had you to do that?' exclaimed Phillis, looking defiantly at her uncle, who

had thrown himself wearily on a chair near the tea-table.

'Now, let's have no tantrums, my lass. I'm not so young as I was, and somehow the fish don't come to my net so plentiful as they used. I've got into debt, and am like to be ruined. Young Breese has lent me money, and will clear me out and out, if you marry him.'

'I can't, uncle—I—I—w-wont,' sobbed Phillis, who had gradually broken down.

'You wont!' cried her uncle, bringing his fist down upon the tea-table, and making a terrible clatter with the crockery; 'then I'll turn you both out o' doors.' And with this resolve he rose and left the cottage.

CHAPTER III.

A FISHERMAN'S SERVICE.

THE parish of Pebbleton was extensive, and embraced not only the actual fishing village already described, but a considerable extent of pasture land, with a park, the residence of the squire, and many good farmsteads, of which Overlook was one.

This was so called because the estate was entirely on the high ground, and the house was so situated as to be on the cliffs, and actually overlooking the sea. When built, it had probably been much further from the edge of the cliff than it was when its present owner took possession of it; for the sea had encroached all along the coast, and carried away a good portion of the green fields above it, which could ill be spared by the tillers of the soil. Overlook

was a comfortable and even handsome dwelling, having been, it was said, the mansion of an old but now extinct family, who were, in bygone ages, connected with a ruined priory, still extant at no great distance from the farm. It belonged to the Breeses, but they also rented largely of Squire Mordon of Pebbleton Park.

The Breeses were fabled by their neighbours to have come from Queer Street, wherever that may be, and were not popular. Still, as people said, 'They were kind enough where they took;' and both father and son seemed to have 'taken' to Rounce the fisherman, nobody knew why. It was, however, rumoured that Rounce occasionally smuggled them a few kegs of superior spirits, which they were not above drinking, neither of them having been prevailed upon to join the temperance crusade, albeit their pastor, Mr. Repton, old Murrell, and others were its staunch supporters. But then old Murrell was as good as a missionary, and preached and prayed, whispered his neighbours, 'better than the parson.' Ted was following in his father's footsteps, and this was actually the reason why Rounce, the Breeses, father and son, and some other people, disliked the Murrells.

The evening after the wreck of the *Sea Eagle*, Mr. Thomas and his father were sitting together in their old-fashioned parlour, smoking and drinking. From their window they could see a glorious sunset, for the grand orb of day was slowly descending into the ocean, as it seemed, enveloped by cloud garments of regal purple, crimson, and gold. Nowhere are sunsets more magnificent than on this Norfolk coast; and from the quaint windows of Overlook little but sky and sea

was visible. True, hardy evergreens surrounded the house, and some gaunt trees turned their backs upon it and the sea, on one side ; but in front of the parlour where the father and son sat, nothing but the expanse of the vast unfathomable ocean, and the yet vaster and more unfathomable firmament, was to be seen. The approach to the house as well as another living room and most of the bedrooms were at the back.

'Is your heart quite set upon this girl, Thomas?' asked Mr. Breese of his son, removing his pipe from his mouth, and taking a sip from the glass before him.

'Yes, father. She is as good a housewife as she is pretty, and as clever as clever can be,' replied Thomas.

'But she is below us in condition, Thomas. What will folks say? We come of a respectable family.'

'A fig for folks and families,' said Thomas, not perceiving how alliterative he was.

'Will she have you, my boy?'

'Of course she will, when I ask her out and out. Rounce is sure of her, and so is her mother, and she certainly says as much as "I will," when she makes me saucy curtseys and looks at me quite impudent like.'

'That sounds forward, Thomas.'

'Anything but that, father. She's as modest as she's pretty, and if it wasn't for Ted Murrell—'

'Those Murrells are always in the way, Thomas. They're a canting, humbugging lot. As Job Rounce says, old Murrell sees through a barn door if there's a keg of spirits t' other side, and won't drink himself or let anybody else drink. I don't know what the world's coming to.'

'It seems to me it can't come to much worse,

A DOMESTIC CONSPIRACY.

father, for the teetotallers are trying to shut up the publics.'

Just as Thomas uttered this terrible prospective fear there was a tap at the window. He went to it, and saw Rounce outside, with one of these prohibited kegs at his feet.

He beckoned him to a side door, and the pair returned to the parlour bearing the illicit whisky. Mr. Breese received Rounce cordially, and bade him sit down and have a glass, which he was nothing loth to do, for they were not, like the Murrells, sober people.

'It's the finest sort to be had anywhere, sir,' he said, pointing to the keg. 'I was lucky enough to get it when fishing for cod, and I thought of you directly.'

'Put it away, Thomas,' said old Breese; and his son rolled the little barrel to a big cupboard at the end of the room, and locked it in. 'So, Rounce, I hear that you saved Ted Murrell with the crew of the *Sea Eagle*,' he added.

'Yes, sir, worse luck. But I hear he's off again to-morrow, leastwise he's a-going to Yarmouth to look for a ship, and old Murrell's going with 'un to join the North Sea fishing fleet.'

'Then we shall be rid of 'em all!' ejaculated Thomas, uplifting hands and eyes, as if in thankfulness.

'Yes, Mr. Thomas, and now's your time,' whispered Rounce.

While this trio sat drinking and smoking and settling how best to achieve their purpose with Phillis, she and the Murrells were very differently occupied at no great distance from Overlook. Pebbleton Church was not far from the farm, and was a conspicuous

object from the windows at the other side of the house. Like the village, it was built of the stones and pebbles from the beach, and looked brown, hardy and picturesque as it stood, alone and bare, on the summit of a downy hill high above the sea. Although it was in the centre of the parish, it was a good way from the actual fishing village. The vicarage was not far from the church, and this and Overlook were the only houses near the sacred edifice, and both were much exposed to the elements. The park, and what was called Upper Pebbleton, lay on the other side of the hill, in more sheltered quarters.

There was a fisherman's service at the church. The boats were to go out on the morrow to join the Yarmouth fleet, and Mr. Repton held a special service, whenever he could, on these occasions. He knew how dangerous was the fisherman's life, and that he, of all men, was 'in death in the midst' of it. Thus, while the trio we have left were carousing, most of the other inhabitants of the village were at church. Phillis was there, for she was one of the mainstays of the choir, so her mother could not prevent her going; but Mrs. Primrose said, 'I must stop at home to mind the house, as it did not pay for every one to be gadding.' Of course the Murrells, father and son, were present, and with them was little Kees.

It was a simple but solemn service, consisting of a portion of the Liturgy of the Church of England, hymns, an extempore prayer, and an appropriate address. The vicar warned all present of the uncertainty of life, the necessity of being prepared for death by faith in Him who bore its pains for them, and the certainty of a

future state. There was no one to play the harmonium, so Phillis led the singing, she and Ted being the foremost of the Pebbleton vocalists. Very sweetly and tenderly their voices mingled as they began the beautiful hymn for all mariners, 'Eternal Father, strong to save;' and heartily the small congregation joined. Truly touching was it to see hardy fishermen with tears in their eyes, as they heard of heaven, and thought of wife and children. Had they needed a reminder of the perils by waters, Kees, asleep in Ted Murrell's arms, would have sufficed.

When the service was over Ted failed to arouse the child, and was still carrying him, when he spied Phillis, for whom he was watching. He went to her, and said he was going to walk home with her. She demurred a moment, then replied with a smile, 'Very well, Ted, I'm not afraid.'

'You've no call to be, Phillis,' he rejoined. 'I just wanted to say that perhaps you had better try to forget me, and—and—do what they wish you. Everybody calls me "unlucky," and I suppose I am. Only I don't believe in luck, seeing that I pray, and God hears, and that He knows what is best for us. But I am no better off than I was when you and I first—Well, 'tis no good to go back; but I'm not a bit changed, and never shall be.'

'No more am I, Ted, and I'm not going to marry Mr. Thomas Breese, no, not if he was worth his weight in gold; so you need say no more on that subject.'

'But, Phillis, we must not disobey—our—parents,' said Ted with a gulp.

'Do you want me to marry him, Ted?' asked Phillis,

aggrieved, pausing just where the hilly down overlooked the vast fields of ocean, which lay, restless and shadowy, beneath the cliffs.

'Oh no! it would be the death of me,' responded Ted, forgetting his prudence, Kees, and all else, as he laid his hand on her arm, and thereby let the child slip.

They had both as much as they could do to save him from falling; but the accident awakened him, and he performed the remainder of the walk on foot, a hand in the palms of each of his new friends. Little more passed between Ted and Phillis, but they understood one another. When they had descended the downs beneath the flickering moon, and reached the top of the village, he ventured to say,—

'You will just come in and see mother and Patience, Phillis.'

'Of course I shall, and put this your Godsend to bed. I don't think Patience can manage it.'

'He *would* come with me to church, Phillis. I don't know what he will do without me, or how they'll manage to keep him, much less understand him. You are the cleverest girl in the parish; I wish you would teach him English.'

Phillis laughed, and said she would, and the trio entered the cottage together. Phillis took Kees at once to Patience's room, helped him to undress, and was delighted to see him kneel down by the bedside and say his prayers in his, to her, unknown tongue. Then she kissed him, saw him safe in bed, and went below.

'He must have had pious parents,' she said to Mrs Murrell, as she sat down by her bedside.

The little kitchen was now full, for old Murrell had brought in a goodly number of fishermen and others from church, and was about to hold a prayer-meeting, so that his wife and daughter might be able to join in the petitions for the safety of those who were about to go down to the sea in ships. We have already said that he acted as a missionary amongst his fellows, go where he would; and he was in the habit of gathering congregations, either in his home on shore or his home on sea, for his smack was almost more his home than his cottage. Nothing could be more solemn or reverent than the manner of that little assembly. All knelt at the 'Let us pray' of old Murrell, and when he poured out his soul in prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God, frequent were the responses of 'Amen' and 'Praise the Lord.' Very fervent were his words when he thanked God for the safety of his only living son and his companions from the perils of shipwreck. All heads were bent or faces covered, except Murrell's, and he knelt erect, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, his fine face and white hair seeming to shine in the firelight. Tears were in the eyes of his bed-ridden wife, who lay, so pale and patient, beneath the patchwork coverlet, praying for husband, son, and neighbours; and the white, thin hand of her daughter trembled, as it covered the lids through which the moisture penetrated. Patience was seated near her father, while Ted knelt by Phillis at his mother's side.

When old Murrell concluded, one after another of the fishermen offered short prayers in the homely Norfolk dialect; and when they rose from their knees

all were prepared for the duties of the morrow. Then they stood to sing a hymn, Patience standing also, with the aid of her crutches. It was she who now led the choristers; for she had a marvellous voice; and the small room soon re-echoed to a volume of sound so full and vigorous that it could be heard all down the village street, despite closed doors. Indeed, so energetic were the singers, that poor nervous Mrs. Murrell shook perceptibly as their voices poured down upon her.

However, a sudden stop was put to the hymn. The door was burst open, and Rounce tumbled into the room.

CHAPTER IV.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

IT is scarcely necessary to say that Job Rounce was half intoxicated when he so roughly and unceremoniously burst in upon the prayer-meeting at old Murrell's. He had not been content with the amount of drink given him by Farmer Breese, but had also paid a visit to the 'Pebbleton Arms;' so he was scarcely answerable either for his actions or words. He made his way to Phillis, who was standing by Mrs. Murrell's bed, and, seizing her by the arm, began to drag her towards the door, uttering much coarse language as he did so. He seemed about to strike her; whereupon Ted interfered, and, having first rescued Phillis from his grasp, laid hold of his arms from behind, and resolutely pushed him back the way he came, and ejected him from the house. Phillis followed, whisper-

ing to Ted not to irritate him, and telling her uncle that she would go home with him. Then she turned round to the little assembly, and entreated them to remain where they were until Rounce was fairly off the premises.

But Ted would not leave her alone with her uncle, who was struggling to escape from his grasp, and muttering that he would be the death of him, and would turn Phillis out of doors.

'You saved my life but yesterday,' said Ted gently, 'and now I must see you safe home in return;' and he locked his arm tightly within that of Rounce, and impelled him down the street.

He succeeded in getting him to his cottage with some difficulty. Arrived there, Rounce turned upon the young people, and ordered them both out of the house. Mrs. Primrose was seated at work, and, although not unused to similar outbreaks, was frightened by his manner. She tried to pacify him.

'Phillis is going to do everything you want, Job,' she said, with a warning glance to her daughter. 'Let her bide here till to-morrow, and then we'll settle matters. Good-night, Ted.'

'Phillis, you had better come home with me,' said Ted, as he saw Rounce approach her. She took shelter behind him for a moment, but she was not much afraid of her uncle, who was really fond of her, and soon came forward and spoke to him kindly but decidedly.

'Now, uncle,' she began, 'you know it is too late for me to go out to-night; so you must let me stop here till the morning. You had better go home, Ted; I am not a bit afraid.'

'I will not leave you, Phillis. You must come and sleep with Patience,' said Ted decidedly.

'And little Kees? No, I will stay here if uncle will let me. He doesn't really mean to turn me out of doors, do you, uncle?'

'I always means what I says, which is, that if you don't choose to make a good home for yourself when 'tis offered, you may take yourself away from here. I've kept you and your mother till I'm a nigh ruined, and nothing else will save me. Be off, Ted Murrell, or I'll horsewhip you till within an inch of your life. Phillis Primrose don't want you, nor none o' your canting family. Go to bed, Phillis.'

'You need not fear for me, Ted, but go away,' whispered Phillis, as she speedily took the hint and went up-stairs.

Ted lingered, nevertheless. He did not feel sure of Rounce; but an entreating glance from Mrs. Primrose, and an angry movement of Rounce, changed a resolution he had inwardly made to remain and protect Phillis. But it was not in him to leave any one in anger, so he said in a conciliating voice,—

'Shake hands, Rounce; I'm off for the North Sea to-morrow, and we may never meet again. There's nothing but friendship between me and Phillis; but, you know, 'tis no good forcing a woman to do what she doesn't like. Let 'em alone, and they'll come round. I won't stand in her way, but all the same—'

'All the same you take her off to church, and prayer-meetings, and psalm-singings, and 'tice her out of this house, and circumwent me just as I was bringing her round. I wish I'd let the *Sea Eagle* alone, I do, and

all the lot of 'ee. Then there wouldn't 'a been another mouth to feed in Pebbleton, and that furreign boy 'ould 'a been in—heaven, and the rest of 'ee in Davy Jones's locker. Be off with ye, I say, Ted Murrell, and never darken my door again.'

'Well, mate, I shouldn't be darkening it now but for your courage and good heart. After what you've done for me, I should be sorry to circumwent you, as you say, though Phillis is as dear to me as my life; and if I was to make you a promise not to interfere between her and a better match, would that content you?'

'Nothing but your oath not to marry her at all would content me; I'll shake hands upon that.'

'Then good-night, Rounce. "Swear not at all," are the Lord's words, and them I desire to obey.'

Ted's shadow no longer darkened the doorway. He went out into the moonlit night, closing the door after him. But he had no intention of leaving Phillis unprotected, so he planted himself opposite the cottage, within the shadow of the eaves of a house on the other side of the little street. Hence he saw the window of Phillis's small room cautiously opened, and oh, how he longed to befriend her! Still, he owed a debt of gratitude to her uncle, and he would keep his promise to him. This passed through his mind, while he heard Rounce's voice in loud discourse with his sister, in front of him, and the deep-sounding bass of the eternal ocean at his back. Phillis had apparently discovered his hiding-place, for a hand and arm that looked very white in the moonshine beckoned to the place where he stood. All was quiet, save for that never-ceasing

murmur of the sea, and no human form was visible in the street. The lights were out in most of the houses, and the fisherfolk were at rest, all but the four who had been so lately at odds. Ted stepped across the road. He crossed the little paling that surrounded her garden, taking care to crush no flower, and stood beneath her window.

'You almost promised!' she whispered reproachfully.

'He saved my life, Phillis! and *I* am so poor, and *he* is so rich. I will not stand in your way.'

'All right, my poor Ted. I'll teach little Kees. Don't be down-hearted. Good-night—good-bye. God bless you.'

Brave Phillis gulped down a sob as she spoke these sentences. Ted looked up at her, and saw tears gleaming in her bright eyes. She withdrew, and quietly closed the window. He heard a knock at her door as she did so, and felt assured that her mother was joining her. There was quiet, if not peace, in the cottage, so he left it, though with a heavy heart.

But he found a holy peace in his own poor home, though his parents and Patience were watching for him. The latter was, indeed, standing on her crutches at the door, anxious to know the result of the scene with Rounce; while the former were discussing the prospects of their boy and Phillis. They always looked forward to their union some day, though even they were obliged to acknowledge that Ted seemed never to come nearer to a home of his own than he had been when he and Phillis first took a fancy to one another.

'I think it's all right for the present, Patience,' said

Ted, in answer to her inquiry. 'But, mother, you will take Phillis in if Rounce sends her away?' he added, passing on to his mother's bedside.

'Of course we will, dear. She can sleep with Patience, and the child can have your bed till you come back,' replied Mrs. Murrell cheerfully.

'Come back!' echoed Ted mournfully. 'It seems as if I should never come back. And I've promised not to come between Phillis and young Breese, so, mother and Patience, you mustn't encourage her to think of me, but talk of him instead. Say what a fine house, and fields, and animals, and poultry she'll have; and what beautiful dresses, like a lady's—and represent to her that I — I — well, I've nothing but rough hands and a loving heart to offer her.'

Here poor Ted broke down. His mother laid her distorted hands upon him, and bade him be of good cheer, for 'the Lord was sufficient for all things.'

'And He will bring it to pass, my lad,' put in his father, 'if it is for your and Phillis's good. But we see not as He sees, and disappointments chasten us.'

'Phillis will never marry any one but you, Ted. She has said so a hundred times,' cried Patience, bending over her brother; which assurance seemed to give him courage, for Phillis was more to him than all besides.

The following morning all Pebbleton was astir. Its little fishing-fleet was prepared, and some of the smacks were about to adventure in search of fish, far away, while others were going to trawl about the coast of Norfolk.

Rounce was content to be amongst the latter this

season, so Phillis and her mother were not likely to be rid of him for long.

It was a fine autumn day, and a brisk breeze was stirring, when the little fleet set sail from Pebbleton. Almost all the women of the place were either on the jetty or the wall to watch the departure of the boats. Mrs. Murrell insisted that Patience should go with little Kees to see the last of her father and brother; and it was pretty to watch the care the boy took to keep clear of her crutch, and to remove stones from her path, lest she should stumble. Patience looked in vain for Phillis. She was neither on sea-wall nor landing-stage, and her loving heart was pained to think that she was probably kept a prisoner by command of Rounce. Glancing up to the village, however, she spied her head protruded from her lattice, and felt that she was watching and praying with her.

But her thoughts were soon diverted from Phillis to Kees, who, seeing Ted busy with the boats below, darted off down the steps, and almost threw himself into the sea to reach him. It was Rounce who caught him in his arms, and gave him, struggling lustily, into the charge of some of the women near at hand.

'Ted! Ted!' resounded through the air; but the poor child's shriek was unnoticed in the weighing of anchors of the little fleet.

It looked like a flock of brown and white birds as it sailed off into the open, out of the small bay; and not a few of the women had tears in their eyes as they waved their handkerchiefs in farewell token. Frail were the barks, and mighty the ocean to which those who were all in all to them were consigned; husbands,

sons, brothers, with 'only a plank betwixt them and death.'

They stood watching the smacks until they dwindled into specks in the distance, and were finally lost to view; then they turned homewards, discoursing on the probabilities of fine weather and favouring breezes. But poor Kees had no one to whom he could pour out his grief, and walked, sobbing, at the side of Patience until they reached Rounce's door. Here stood Phillis, and no sooner did he perceive her than he ran towards her, and almost leapt into her arms.

CHAPTER V.

POOR PHILLIS!

PHILLIS was wiping her eyes and feeling very unhappy, when Kees jumped upon her like a faithful dog, and when she put her arms round him, he laid his head against her, and began to wail piteously. This brought Mrs. Primrose to the door, looking very much out of sorts. Her brother had scarcely spoken either to her or Phillis that morning, and it was she who bade her daughter remain indoors while the fleet set sail. She had been much disturbed the previous evening by Rounce's repeated declaration that, if Phillis did not accept Mr. Thomas Breese, they must both find a home elsewhere. She had found it difficult to keep her temper, for she could not see why she was to suffer for her daughter's

obstinacy; still, she had quietly assured him that she was herself all for young Breese.' 'Then,' said he, 'you must make Phillis do what you tell her, and give up that canting Methodist of a Ted Murrell.' 'I will,' she had said, knowing full well that Phillis had a very decided will of her own.

But Phillis was not prepared to wreck her mother's comfort, although she was indifferent to her own, and had been much distressed when Mrs. Primrose repeated to her, word for word, what her uncle had said. She was on the look-out for her friend and adviser, Patience, longing for some one to comfort her, yet scarcely knowing whence comfort could arrive. It came in the shape of Kees, who must be, she felt, more unhappy than herself, and who seemed given to her in the place of Ted.

'Won't you walk in and rest, Patience?' said Mrs. Primrose stiffly; she had always rather a grand and distant manner, as became, she thought, her former position.

'Thank you, Mrs. Primrose, but'—began Patience, who was about to decline, but caught an appealing look from Phillis—'but I cannot stay long she added, changing her tactics.

She went in, and the three women sat down, Kees climbing into Phillis's lap. It was a solemn little conclave, and neither appeared to have anything to say until Mrs. Primrose began to talk about the child, wondering what in the world the Murrells could do with him.

'Ted is going to ask a Dutch friend at Yarmouth to look in when he comes this way, and question him,'

said Patience. 'Meanwhile he will share what we have.'

'Humph!' ejaculated Mrs. Primrose, as much as to say, 'That's none too much.'

Kees understood that they were talking of him, and, looking from one to the other inquiringly, uttered his favourite name, 'Ted,' as if to ask what had become of him.

'Ted come—back—soon,' said Phillis, fancying that if she spoke a peculiar lingo he was sure to understand.

'Come back!' echoed the boy, clapping his hands, for the words were somehow familiar.

'He will soon speak English, the darling!' cried Phillis, hugging him, and he returning her embraces.

'I'm sure we can do very well without Ted,' said Mrs. Primrose, in an injured but majestic voice. 'I am very sorry for you and your mother, Patience, but he never seems to do you any good.'

'Not Ted! Why, Mrs. Primrose, he never does anything but good!' exclaimed Patience. 'You forget the medal he had from the Humane Society for saving life; and how he converted ever so many of his mates, who are now God-fearing men; and how he brings home all his earnings to mother and—'

'Not too many of them,' interrupted Widow Primrose scornfully. 'He mostly manages to lose all he gets.'

'Poor Ted! he can't help that. You're very unjust, mother,' said impetuous Phillis, who had better have held her tongue.

'Poor Ted!' repeated Kees, who had been gravely striving to understand the conversation.

'"Little pitchers have long ears." That boy knows more than he pretends. I'll answer for it he's "double Dutch,"' said Mrs. Primrose, shaking her cap, as she pronounced what she considered an oracle.

'I think I had better go now,' said Patience, rising with difficulty, and resuming her crutches; but Kees clung to Phillis. 'He likes healthy, good-looking people like you and Ted, which is but natural,' she added. 'He is half afraid of mother, and I scarcely know what to do with him. But he'll get used to us.'

'I'll be back in a minute, mother. I'll just help Patience home with the child,' said Phillis; and, without waiting for permission, she took Kees by the hand and walked up the street with Patience.

On their way she poured out all her doubts and difficulties, and they were legion. She had not half finished when they reached the house.

'Come in and tell mother,' said Patience.

'I had better not,' returned Phillis with unusual prudence, not liking to take any one save Patience into her confidence. 'But what am I to do? I can't marry Mr. Thomas, and yet I cannot be the cause of mother being turned out of doors. Ted has as good as given me up, because he says he won't be ungrateful to uncle or stand in my way. Uncle has been very good to us, and I'm sure I would not ruin him for the world. I can't think what he means when he says that if I don't marry that awful—oh, Patience, I really don't mean to abuse him, for he has been very kind, but would you marry him if he asked you?'

'I? He would not fancy me!' laughed Patience. 'But,' she added gravely, 'if you could bring yourself to care for him, maybe he'd make you a good husband, and there seems no chance for poor Ted.'

'Poor Ted!' echoed Kees, who, little pitcher-like, had learnt this much of the talk.

'Patience! I could never have thought you would have said this,' cried Phillis desperately; and without another word she turned from her companions and almost ran down the street.

They looked after her, and then the child gazed inquiringly at Patience, and followed her into the house. She soon forgot her friend's affairs in waiting upon her infirm mother. It was, as that mother would often laughingly say, 'The lame leading the lame;' nevertheless, with the occasional help of the neighbours, she managed to keep a tidy house. She suddenly found an auxiliary in Kees. Her mother's ball of worsted rolled from the bed to the floor, and while she was striving to pick it up he had it in his hand, and, climbing on the bed, gave it to the sick woman.

'Thank you, my dear,' said Mrs. Murrell.

'Dank oo,' repeated Kees.

It was an illumination to Patience. She began his education at once. She pointed with her crutch to sundry little things that she wanted, repeating their names, and he, quick as thought, brought them to her, echoing her words intelligently, if not accurately. He began to fetch and carry like a dog, and Mrs. Murrell grew so interested in this sort of teaching that she imagined many curious devices to induce him

to learn. He was an apt scholar, and before the day was done had learnt many English words. 'Puss' and 'cat' were among the first; for there was a splendid tabby and a black kitten on the corner of the settle that greatly fascinated him. When they tried to teach him the word 'kitten,' however, he persisted in saying 'Ted, poor Ted!' so by that name went the small blackamoor from that day forth.

With Kees, as with the rest of us, occupation brought consolation, and he became reconciled to Mrs. Murrell and Patience through the amusement he found in helping them. Moreover, several children peeped in to see the strange boy, and Mrs. Murrell, who loved all children, bade them come and play with Kees. The sight of tops and marbles was overpowering, and he was soon engaged in spinning a top, 'just like an English lad,' as Patience said admiringly.

'I will make him a little jersey out of those odd bits of wool,' said Mrs. Murrell. 'How can we clothe him, for he has only just what he stands up in? And Ted was obliged to take some of father's things, and that beautiful jersey you made for sale, Patience.'

The good woman sighed.

'Lucky we had it ready, mother,' replied Patience, who was already beginning on a new skein of blue yarn. 'Poor Ted couldn't go to the North Sea without one, and his old one was worn to a thread. He *was* thankful for the cuffs and scarf Phillis knitted for him, and gave me to keep against he came back.'

'Poor Phillis! Poor Ted!'

'Poor Ted! Top!' cried Kees, running to Patience with this plaything in his hand.

'He's sharp as a needle—just what your brother Jim was when he was a child,' said Mrs. Murrell with the customary sigh.

Yes, Kees was quick enough, and kept not only our friends, but half Pebbleton alive with his talents.

In a day or so the Dutchman already alluded to arrived. He spoke English, so there were no difficulties, and the messages he bore from Ted were intelligible to all. His name was Van der Does, and no sooner did he announce it in his own vernacular, than our Little Pitcher opened his long ears to some purpose. He did not, however, as was anticipated, make immediate friends with the speaker, but stood at a distance from him, his finger on his lips, listening to his somewhat broken English. He was a sailor, and traded between Holland and Great Britain.

'I'm sure we're much obliged to you, sir, for coming all this way to see us,' said Mrs. Murrell. 'Patience, lay the cloth,' she added aside.

'I would do more for Ted Murrell, ma'am. He zaved my life, and after made me zober,' said Van der Does. 'He is good. The captain of the *Sea Eagle* has got him a berth as made, and he will do well yet.'

'Praise the Lord!' ejaculated the mother and daughter.

At the familiar word 'Ted,' Kees stole up to the Dutchman, who began to question him in Dutch; upon which the child fixed his eyes upon him, and said he wanted to go home, and for Ted to take him.

'Where is your home?' asked Van der Does.

The child shook his head.

'What is your name—your long name?'

'Kees Van der Pol.'

'And your father's?'

'Captain Van der Pol.'

'Have you a mother? Where is she?'

'At home, in a pretty house. Father is in his ship. He put me into the boat with Jacob in the storm, and we all fell into the sea. Ted found little Kees.'

'Who calls you little Kees?'

'All of them. Will you take me home to mother?'

Kees began to cry, and the sailor tried to comfort him, but no reliable information could be drawn from the child. Still, Van der Does told the Murrells that he had heard of a Captain Van der Pol, and promised, when he returned to Holland, to make inquiries concerning him. But he took it for granted that, when Kees was placed in the boat, the vessel that contained his father was about to break up or sink, and that the captain and crew must have perished. Ted had told him that he picked up the child in an awful tempest, when ships and smacks were equally powerless to battle against winds and waves, and when the *Sea Eagle* was injured and drifted south.

It seemed strange that Kees expressed no wish to go with his countryman, though he repeatedly entreated that Ted should come back and take him home; indeed, when asked if he would like to accompany Van der Does, he crept up to Mrs. Murrell, climbed upon her bed, and hid his face in her pillow.

'Tell him that he shall not leave us,' said the good woman, embracing him.

The sailor did so, and the blue eyes looked up again.

While this was going on, Patience had prepared the tea-table, to the evident surprise and admiration of Van der Does, who watched her move about on her crutches, and remarked, with pitying voice, that he was sure they had enough to do to live without the addition of Kees. But Mrs. Murrell declared she already loved him as if he were her own child; upon which the Dutchman put some questions to Kees concerning his feelings, and found, from his replies, that he was not unhappy.

When seated at tea, the child grew more communicative, and chattered of his pets, flowers, and other matters, which convinced the sailor that he lived in the country; but he could recall no name of house, village, or town, shaking his head when asked, and not always choosing to answer at all. It was very perplexing. However, there was nothing for it but that Kees should remain where he was for the present, and the Dutch sailor could only promise to set inquiries on foot, and to let the Murrells know if he made any discovery. In token of his good-will and gratitude, he asked Mrs. Murrell if she chanced to have a jersey by her, as he wanted one sadly, and had put money by for the purchase. She had one knitted for her husband, which she was glad to turn into ready cash; but she feared, she said, that it was very expensive, since less than fifteen shillings would not repay her for wool and labour. Patience displayed it, spreading it out on her mother's bed. Van der Does and Kees examined it together, while the two women trembled with expectation.

'I will give you zo much as one bound for zo many as you vill make, and zell dem wid brovit,' said Van der Does, laying a bright sovereign on the table.

While Mrs. Murrell was remonstrating, Phillis came in, and added a touch of brightness to the somewhat sombre colouring of the picture. A neighbour had told her that a strange sailor had been seen to enter Murrell's cottage, and she stole up, in the hope of having news of Ted. She was not disappointed. Her hopes rose when she was told that he was mate, and that he had been praised for saving poor little Kees, and for other of his self-sacrificing actions. But she dared not remain, and was away again almost as soon as she came. Van der Does also left soon, begging that the remainder of his sovereign might be applied towards clothing Kees, who seemed rather relieved than pained by his departure.

MR. THOMAS AND PHILLIS.

CHAPTER VI.

A STOCK AND A STONE.

PHILLIS'S budding hopes soon faded. Not long after she left the Murrells Mr. Thomas Breese made his appearance, and, to her dismay, her mother was out. She did not know that all this had been previously arranged, and that before her uncle left he had informed his sister that

Breese would call one of the first evenings at about six o'clock, and that she had better absent herself. Accordingly, Mrs. Primrose had improvised some sort of errand every evening at the hour named, and when Mr. Thomas arrived Phillis was alone.

'Good evening, Phillis,' he said, as he walked in uninvited.

'Good evening, sir,' returned she stiffly. 'Will you sit down? Mother will be in directly.'

'Thank you; but I came to see you, miss,' he said, taking the chair she placed for him, and laying his hat, gloves, and stout walking-stick upon another, with much composure. 'Won't you sit down yourself? It is easier to talk sitting than standing, as it seems to me.'

Phillis sat down in the corner by the window. She had her knitting in her hand when he came in, and began to use her needles vigorously. He was slow of speech, and she felt inclined to laugh at the deliberate way in which he hemmed, took out his handkerchief, remarked on the weather, and finally wiped his face.

'Yes, Mr. Thomas, it is a fine day for the fishing. Some of the boats may be back this evening, if they've had a good haul. I wonder where mother is? and she wanted to thank you for the bit of pork you sent her,' said Phillis demurely.

'Did you like it, Phillis? I hope you didn't burn the crackling. Ours was well done, just nicely browned, you know, so that one could eat it without breaking one's teeth.'

'To be sure, Mr. Thomas. That's just what uncle

says. Mother will be so vexed. There she is, I do believe.'

Phillis rose and peeped through the hedge of geraniums that served as blind to the window; but it was not her mother.

'Never mind, Phillis; I like to have a little talk with you. Did you cook the pork?' said Mr. Thomas.

'Oh yes! you know when mother was housekeeper she always had a cook under her, and she never could bear the fire; so I'm cook under her now, when we've anything to cook, and that teaches me.'

Phillis laughed, for, what with Breese's solemnity and the singularity of his advances, she could not help being amused. She was about to make another remark, but he forestalled her.

'I've heard your mother say about that, Phillis. But you can have a cook under you; leastways, Sarah knows what she's about, with a little management. You know Sarah?'

'Oh yes, Mr. Thomas! but she's never likely to be under me.'

'To be sure she is when we're married, Phillis.'

'Are you going to marry Sarah, Mr. Thomas? Then you may depend on the crackling being done to a turn.'

Phillis could not resist a joke, and she just lifted her eyes from the blue jersey to see its effect. It was not even understood.

'I don't mean to marry Sarah, but you, Phillis. Father has given his consent, and your mother and uncle are willing, so I thought I might as well drop in and settle it off-hand.'

'Tis rather off-handed, Mr. Thomas, but I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, only—'

'I knew you would be, Phillis. Everybody will say it's a nice thing for you. But I consider you far superior to any of the girls about, and took a liking to you the first time I saw you at the school treat, and have never changed since I made up my mind then

'But, Mr. Thomas, I haven't made up *my* mind.'

'You soon will, Phillis. Your uncle says you're shy just at first, but soon get over it.'

'Uncle knows nothing about it. I don't mean to get married at all, Mr. Thomas Breese.'

'Oh, but you must, because, you see, if you don't, —but never mind that. I don't believe, Phillis, that you think of Ted Murrell. He hasn't a rag to his back, while I have the best of clothes, and can dress you in as fine a silk gown as the Squire can give his wife. He hasn't a hole to call his own, while I have a fine farm, with parlours good enough for any lady. He hasn't a pound in the world, while I've lots of money in the bank, and flocks and herds and horses and pigs and poultry. Now, what do you think of that, Phillis?'

'I think you needn't cast scorn upon an honest lad because he isn't so rich as you, sir.'

Phillis laid down her knitting on her lap and looked straight at him. She could scarcely help laughing. He had taken his stick from the chair, and was leaning his chin upon its knob, and gazing at her out of his very lack-lustre eyes.

'But you know it's all true, Phillis,' he replied, with the same imperturbable air.

'Nothing is true that is said against Ted,' she spoke up. 'He is unfortunate, and his parents are poor, that's all any one can find to say.'

'And I am fortunate, and my father is rich. That makes all the difference, Phillis. Make up your mind at once. Shilly-shallying's never any good. Your uncle owes me a lot o' money, and when we're married I've promised to throw it into the settlements, for father says I can settle a thousand pounds upon you, so that we may be sure of something if there's ill luck in farming.'

'I've made up my mind long ago, Mr. Thomas.'

'To be sure. A sensible girl like you knows what she's about. When shall it be? The sooner the better.'

'You don't understand, sir. I've made up my mind not to marry.'

'And die an old maid, Phillis? I know you don't mean that. Your uncle says you don't say what you mean very often, and they tell me all the women go by contraries. 'Tis very puzzling, but if it's their way I suppose the men must put up with it—leastways before marriage; afterwards they can have their own way, because, you know, Phillis, they promise to obey. I was reading the marriage-service yesterday.'

Mr. Thomas chuckled, and Phillis fancied she saw the ghost of a smile about his mouth. For her own part, she scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry, she felt so provoked. He was so much in earnest, and believed so fully in what her uncle had told him, that it seemed impossible to undeceive him. So stolid a lover was beyond her comprehension, shrewd as she was.

'I must hammer it into his head somehow,' she thought; then said aloud, 'I'm afraid, Mr. Thomas, that uncle has said things for me he'd no right to say. It is very condescending of you to want to marry me, who am not your equal—'

'Not at all!' he interrupted.

'But,' she continued, 'I am not one of the sort that go by contraries, and I know my own mind. I can't marry you, sir, indeed I can't.'

'Then, Phillis, your uncle will have to pay father and me what he owes us, and I'm afraid he will have to go to prison, for there's a many things against him, and father's very determined when he makes up his mind; and he'll think you've been overpersuaded by those Murrells, and he hates 'em all.'

'It is very wicked to hate any one, particularly God's people, sir. They have never persuaded me; on the contrary, they have advised me—' She paused.

'To marry me, eh, Phillis? Well, that's sensible, and would prevent a deal of mischief. That's my advice too, and your mother's, and your uncle's.'

'I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Thomas. I am going to improve myself, and become a teacher, or lady's maid, or something to help mother, so that uncle may be rid of us.'

'That would make no difference, Phillis. I've let your uncle have money because of you, and he knows it.'

'You're very cruel, Mr. Thomas. I am not to be sacrificed because you and uncle have been smuggling and drinking and making bargains about me. It is very wrong and unjust.'

'I don't see that, Phillis, when it is all in your favour. You don't know what a nice place Overlook is. Why, you'd be like a queen compared to this.'

'And have you for my king, Mr. Thomas, to love, honour, and *obey?*'

'To be sure, to be sure! You're coming round, Phillis.'

She choked back a rising sob, for in truth she was distressed and annoyed. What could she say to such a man under such circumstances? Her face flushed, her hands trembled, her knitting fell down. She rose, stood before him a minute, and looked him in the face. There he sat; his chin on the hands that rested on the knob of his stick, his face as quiet and impassive as an image. She felt intuitively that neither jest, satire, nor entreaty would move him, for he was fixed in his purpose, and understood nothing beyond it. Argument was vain, and he would put no faith in her decision. She must have time for thought, and try to learn what was her duty. Not that she would marry him; that she believed impossible. He looked at her quite unmoved, while she stood before him, trembling with suppressed passion.

'King and Queen of Overlook! Nice idea, Phillis. You shall have a satin gown for best,' he said.

She went to the window and looked up the street. She saw her mother gossiping with a neighbour a few doors off, and, she suspected, dawdling about until Breese made his exit.

'There she is! There is mother!' she exclaimed, with a gasp of relief.

'No call for me to see her to-day, Phillis. I'll come again to-morrow evening. By then you'll have made up your mind,' said Thomas, taking up his hat, and standing a moment opposite her in the doorway.

'Indeed I have made up my mind,' she said; but he was gone before she could add more.

He was succeeded almost instantaneously by her mother, who, with a 'Well, Phillis?' shut the door behind her. But Phillis fell into a chair, and burst into uncontrollable weeping. Her mother asked her kindly what was the matter; but she was unable to reply for some time. When at last she grew calmer, and told her tale, all she said was that she could never, never marry him. Mrs. Primrose reasoned with her, and laid before her all that she knew of the obligation that her uncle was under to Mr. Breese, and of the ruin in prospect if she kept her resolution; but all she could get from her daughter was that she would work for her, die for her, but never marry Thomas Breese for her or any one.

'This is all because of that unlucky Ted,' said Mrs. Primrose.

'He has given me up, mother; but if he hadn't, I'd rather beg my bread than marry such a stock and a stone as that.'

'King and Queen of Overlook! A satin gown! Very nice, I'm sure, Phillis,' said Mrs. Primrose, who was not much more sensitive than Breese.

Phillis, who was all smiles and tears by nature, could not help laughing at the recollection of Mr. Thomas's comical face; and her mother took advantage

of this to impress upon her the necessity of changing her resolution.

'Why should I be forced to marry against my will?' she cried passionately. 'I would do anything else in the world for uncle—give up poor Ted, who—who has given me up,' she sobbed. 'Keep away from Patience and Mrs. Murrell—never—never go to another prayer-meeting, though perhaps that would be wrong—go to service even. Yes! that's what I'll do. I'll go directly and ask dear Miss Mordon to get me a place.'

Before Mrs. Primrose could remonstrate, she had seized her hat and shawl, and was half-way up the street.

'I declare she's turned the corner towards the park,' ejaculated Mrs. Primrose, following her to the door and looking after her. 'I wonder what she'll do next! Be our ruin if she don't obey her uncle;' and the good woman returned to her chair, and uttered a groan as she took up her work.

CHAPTER VII.

CHANCE OF ESCAPE.

PHILLIS was as light of foot as she was eager of mind. She almost ran through the village, not pausing to look right or left. She even forgot to glance into the Murrells' cottage, in her desire to accomplish her purpose. Indeed, she feared lest Patience might disapprove of the hasty step she was taking. She did not therefore see Kees on the doorstep, at play with Jack Callow, child of Mrs. Callow, who kept the village shop. But Kees saw her, and was after her in a moment. Jack went in to tell Patience that Kees had run away in pursuit of Phillis, which caused Patience to hasten to the door. She saw the child almost at Phillis's heels, and said to her mother, 'She will bring him back

with her. She can't be going far at this time of the evening. It's nigh upon seven.'

Kees did not overtake Phillis until she was quite out of the village, and had turned into the high road that led into the country. She heard something pattering and panting behind her, and found it was her little friend. He was quite out of breath, and she did not know what to do with him. She would not return, so she took him by the hand, and let him trot on by her side.

'I shall not be long,' she thought; 'and I can carry him back if he's tired.'

He amused, and somewhat delayed her, by pointing out the various wild-flowers in the hedgerows, for, as they proceeded, fields and country scenes took the place of the sea, and finally they entered the park. Here he was so much taken with the scarlet berries of the rowan tree, or mountain ash, that she was compelled to pause and stretch out her arms towards them. But it was some time before she could reach a bunch, and her many futile jumps and efforts were accompanied by shrieks and shouts so shrill that she fancied the child was gone mad. She neither understood his words nor gestures as he halloaed and leaped towards the resisting branches. She succeeded, however, at last, and was more than repaid by the ecstasy he showed at possessing his bunch of shining red berries and graceful leaves.

The park was full of trees and shrubs of all descriptions, but as they hurried along Phillis was too busy with her thoughts, and he with his prize, to note them. It was a lovely spot, and the glow

of an autumn sunset lighted up the slopes and woods with magic radiance. Here and there glimpses of the sea were visible, and on all sides was the serene grace of sun-illumined nature.

The great house was at least a mile from the lodge, through the gates of which they passed; but Phillis did not make for this. Not far from the entrance was a smaller abode, a sort of dower house, and it was to the back-door of this picturesque and comfortable dwelling that she went. Every one knew pretty Phillis Primrose, by sight at least, so she was at once shown into the servants' hall. She said that she particularly wanted to see Miss Mordon, if she might make so bold as to ask for her. The parlour-maid took her message at once, and she was soon ushered into a pretty drawing-room, where she found Mrs. and Miss Mordon, the widowed sister-in-law of the squire, and her daughter Emily. They both welcomed her kindly, and bade her be seated; but it was Miss Mordon she knew best.

The mother was such a grand lady in the eyes of Phillis, that she felt quite abashed at being so suddenly in her presence, and distressed that Kees should be resolutely clinging to her skirts.

'What a dear little boy! Who is he, Phillis?' cried Miss Mordon, and so set her at ease.

'The little Dutch child that was saved from the wreck in the North Sea, Miss Emily,' she replied.

'Bring him to me. Let me show him some pictures,' said Mrs. Mordon, taking a book from a table near which she was sitting.

Phillis led him to her, but he was shy at first.

However, the sight of the pictures, and, above all, the sweet smile and gentle manner of the lady, reassured him, and he stood at her knee, still holding firmly the hand of Phillis.

'Sit down near him,' said Mrs. Mordon, and Phillis obeyed in trembling. But her friend Emily joined the little group, and she also was reassured:

'Ted! Ted!' suddenly exclaimed Kees, as the picture of a sailor was displayed by the lady.

Phillis had to explain what he meant, which she did with glowing cheeks, and was rewarded by hearing Miss Emily tell her mother that Ted was the young man who had already received medals for saving life. Then, turning to Phillis, she inquired what she wanted.

'If you please, Miss Emily, I want a place,' said Phillis abruptly. 'I have learnt the dressmaking, as you know, and have been used to teaching in the school, and mother has taught me a little of everything. You said you would help me if ever I settled to go out, so I made so bold as to come to you at once.'

'You were quite right, Phillis. But I thought—I heard that you were going to do a much better thing, and to get married,' said Miss Mordon archly.

'That is a mistake,' replied Phillis, colouring to the temples. 'I should like to go out to service.'

Miss Mordon saw that there was something amiss. Phillis did not know, when she left home so hastily, that her eyes were swollen by the tears she had shed, but this was apparent to her friend.

'Perhaps you have not well considered what you

are about, Phillis. We could not do without you in the school and the choir; and what would your mother and uncle do at home?'

'Much better, Miss Emily. I cannot stay at home any longer, and if only I could get a place before uncle comes back from the fishing, I would go directly.'

'I will talk to your mother about it. You must not be hasty.'

'Please say nothing to mother. Oh, Miss Emily, do help me!'

Here Phillis broke down. The tears, which had scarcely been dried, started forth afresh, and she put her handkerchief to her eyes. Kees sprang upon her lap, threw his little arms round her neck, and, with a mysterious sympathy, whispered, 'Ted! Ted!' She smiled.

'What is the matter?' asked Mrs. Mordon kindly, laying her hand on the girl's arm. 'My daughter is much interested in you, and so am I through her; perhaps we may help you. Although I am not well enough to pay visits in the village, I know most of the inhabitants, by name at least.'

'Oh yes, ma'am, I know you do. Everybody says how kind you are. Mrs. Murrell always uses the warm counterpane you knitted for her.'

'Thank you; I am truly glad it is appreciated,' interrupted Mrs. Mordon, a slight flush rising to her pale cheek. 'But will you not tell us what really troubles you? We will keep your secret, if you have one, and help you if we can.'

'It is—it is only because I cannot marry Mr.

Thomas Breese,' sobbed Phillis. 'And I am afraid uncle—but I think I had better not mention his affairs,' she added, with an effort at composure. 'If I could get away from home for a while, perhaps things might change.'

Mrs. Mordon and her daughter interchanged glances, and each simultaneously said, 'Perhaps she might do.'

'Would you like to come to us for a month or so, while our maid goes to visit her friends in France?' asked Mrs. Mordon.

'Mam'selle Céleste, you know, Phillis,' supplied the daughter, for so was the said maid known in the village.

'It would be heaven!' cried Phillis, clasping her hands.

The ladies smiled, but apparently it was 'heaven' already, since Phillis's face was suddenly transformed. Mrs. Mordon, whose life was spent in acts of charity, performed unostentatiously at home, and ministered by her daughter abroad, had rarely witnessed such an instantaneous change from grief to joy. They were both much interested in the villagers and fisher-folk, and Miss Emily spent her life between her duty to her mother and her efforts to aid those poorer than herself, both in temporal and spiritual things.

'May I come to-morrow, ma'am, and may I tell mother when I get home, for I know she would not refuse you anything?' said Phillis. 'May I say that you want me at once, because Mam'selle Céleste is going home for a time. May—'

'Not so fast, Phillis,' said Mrs. Mordon, smiling. 'But

my daughter shall call on your mother to-morrow and settle it. See! the poor little Dutchman is asleep.'

Yes, Kees had let his head fall down on Phillis's shoulder, overpowered by fatigue; and they made a pretty picture, there, between the stately lady in her soft silks and laces, and the dark-haired Emily, who was bending over Phillis. Sunset glories crept through the oriel window just behind the group, and glinted from form to form, from mirror to couch, making of the room and its inmates a study for an artist. But night was coming on apace, and Mrs. Mordon bade her daughter send one of the servants back with Phillis to help to carry little Kees, adding that she hoped to see the boy again.

'If you please, ma'am, I can manage him,' returned Phillis, not liking the probability of interrogations from the domestics. 'Perhaps, Miss Emily, you will not tell mother what I said about—about'—she added, turning to the younger lady, and blushing.

'About the future owner of Overlook?' supplied Miss Emily. 'No, I will not name it; but I hope this cloud may pass over, and that you may think better of his proposal.'

'They're all alike—they don't understand,' thought Phillis, as she curtseyed to the ladies, thanked them, and wished them good-night.

'She is a pretty girl; I do not wonder at Mr. Thomas Breese,' said Mrs. Mordon, as soon as her back was turned.

Phillis had come to one of those critical moments in life which test the true character. She wished to

do right both towards God and man, and to forget herself if possible. But she was naturally hasty; and now she longed to be alone to think and pray. So she aroused the slumbering Kees before she returned to the back settlements, for fear aid should be offered, and, dragging him through the hall and passages, slipped away unperceived. But he was too sleepy to walk, so she took him up again, and made her way through the park. She was pretty well exhausted by the weight of her burden when she reached the village, and night had come on. Patience was standing at her door anxiously looking out for her. She went in a moment to rest and explain. She was of so truthful and transparent a nature that Mrs. Murrell and Patience soon knew all that had happened to her.

'You have been hasty, Phillis,' argued Patience. 'Your mother will be displeased, and your uncle very angry.'

'It is their own fault,' pouted Phillis, 'for they have no right to make me marry against my will.'

'"Honour your father and your mother,"' said Mrs. Murrell gently. 'Have patience one with another.'

'I would do anything in the world for mother, except marry Mr. Thomas,' returned Phillis. 'Let me pop Kees into bed, Patience. Mother knows where I went.'

She had carried the child up-stairs, undressed him, and laid him in his bed, almost before Patience had mounted the stairs, so rapid was she of act and speech. She knelt a moment at his side, and offered a short prayer for him, for herself, for all. Patience silently

joined in it, and, when Phillis rose, she hastily kissed her and hurried away.

She found her mother anxious and displeased; but she avoided reproaches by taking the initiative.

'Mother, you mustn't be angry. Mam'selle Céleste is going home to see her friends, and the ladies have asked if I would like to take her place while she is away. Miss Emily is coming to ask your leave to-morrow. You won't refuse, dear mother?'

'I certainly shall, Phillis. What right have you to go and offer yourself without my consent? You are a very forward, disobedient girl, and your uncle will be furious.'

'Indeed, I am better out of the way, mother,' argued Phillis humbly. 'I did not mean to be forward or disobedient, but I cannot marry young Breese. You must tell uncle so.'

'And be turned out of doors, and bear the brunt of his anger! That is very fine for you. And I should like to know why you can't make a comfortable home for yourself, and maybe for me, and help your uncle, who has been so good to you, through his difficulties. It is very hard of you, very hard indeed.'

Poor Phillis began to think that she must be very hard, since everybody said so; and she had scarcely a wink of sleep that night, for meditating, as she did, on her own delinquencies, her mother's commands, her uncle's displeasure, Breese's obtuseness, and Ted's virtues. Still, she had one hope, and it was the surest. She had not seen so much of the Murrells in vain, and had learned to believe that if she prayed for help she should be guided aright. So she committed herself to One who knew her inmost heart, and she was comforted.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAVOUR ASKED.

ERHAPS a taste of service and a first separation from you might show her things in a different light, Mrs. Primrose,' said Miss Mordon during her conversation with the widow the following morning.

Phillis was keeping out of the way, and her mother had forestalled Miss Mordon's request by telling her the true state of the case, which she knew, in part, already. Miss Emily, as she was called because the Squire had daughters, having reached the staid age of thirty, was considered a proper receptacle for many confidences, and Mrs. Primrose had poured out hers with unusual volubility.

'It would be only like taking a holiday to go to

you, ma'am,' said Mrs. Primrose, 'and just putting off what her uncle wants done at once. He has his good reasons for wishing her to marry; and so have I; for I am afraid her heart is set on Ted Murrell, and she might just as well think of a pauper.'

'He may get on, Mrs. Primrose. The Murrells are excellent people. Still, of course, Mr. Breese would be a better match, and he is as steady as possible. Perhaps, if you gave her time for consideration, and would let her come to us for a month or so, she might be persuaded to do what you wish. She is now afraid of her uncle, and, from what I hear, it is scarcely safe for her to remain with him unless she obeys him.'

'Whoever told you that, Miss Emily?'

'It is the gossip of the village; and, as you know, Phillis is such a favourite that every one would be up in arms if she were ill-treated. They say her uncle has struck her already more than once. I wish he could be persuaded to join the temperance party.'

'I'm sure I wish he could, ma'am. But people are very impertinent to meddle with our affairs. I take care not to interfere with anybody, and this is my reward. When would you want Phillis?'

'At once, if she can come. Céleste is waiting for a stop-gap, having been ready to start for some weeks. It might be well for you to tell her uncle that we esteem it a favour that you have spared her to us, and that I called to ask it. It is indeed a great favour, for my mother dislikes strangers, and she took quite a fancy to Phillis. Could she not come to-morrow?'

MISS MORDON CALLS ON MRS. PRIMROSE.

This was quick work, and Widow Primrose demurred. Still, she felt that if Phillis were to go at all, the sooner the better. It might please her uncle to find that she was thought so well of by her betters, and she could explain it to Mr. Thomas as 'a favour' granted to the Squire's family. She liked to consider herself as such, for Mrs. Primrose had not lived as housekeeper in good families without imbibing high notions, and, as she said, 'I'm all for keeping myself up.' She was, perhaps, too proud for a Christian woman; but then she did not, like the Murrells, 'keep God in all her thoughts.'

'If my brother doesn't come home and refuse to let Phillis go, Miss Mordon,' she said, after due consideration, 'I'm sure I shall be glad to obleege you. I have often thought of offering to help you when you were in difficulty with your servants, and they don't keep their places as they used, but I've always had a cook under me, and I can't bear the fire.'

Miss Emily smiled as she thanked her. She, too, had heard of Mrs. Primrose's small vanities.

'We are not rich, you know, Mrs. Primrose, and I am housekeeper,' she said simply.

She was far more humble than Widow Primrose, who sat opposite her with a cap as starched as her manners, and waved her hands and head majestically as she spoke. When she took her leave she shook hands with her, and said she hoped to see Phillis the following day. Phillis was waiting for her round the corner, and went into ecstasies when she heard that her fate, for the present, was so happily decided.

She found her mother discoursing with two

neighbours, who had looked in to find out what Miss Emily had wanted. When she entered, she was saying majestically, 'She came to ask Phillis, as a favour, to take the place of the French maid for a month, who is going for a holiday. French maids was my aversion. I was always obliged to keep them down in the housekeeper's room.'

'She dresses a deal smarter than the ladies,' said Phœbe Park, who stood with her arms akimbo in the doorway.

She had just come from one of the curing-houses, where she was in the habit of aiding in the salting of herrings and cod.

'I suppose you'll be getting as fine as my lady, Phillis,' remarked Mary Harmer, a pretty fisher-girl, who sometimes hawked her father's cargo at Cromer. 'But when you're Mrs. Breese you can wear what you like,' she added in a whisper.

Both women had kerchiefs over their heads, and so, for that much, had Phillis, who followed the custom of the place when she merely went out for a stroll or an errand. Hers was scarlet, and took almost the form of a hood.

'I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense, Mary,' said Phillis.

'It's wery convenient your finding a place when you want one. I wish I could,' replied Mary, using 'w' for 'v' according to Pebbleton custom.

When the neighbours were gone Mrs. Primrose resumed her severe manner, and Phillis felt that she was still in disgrace. But the hope of getting away before her uncle's return comforted her, and she

made a great effort to keep down her temper—always too ready to rise at opposition. 'I hope you will forgive me, mother, if I've been hasty,' she said.

'I think you have been in a great hurry to leave me, your poor mother, Phillis, so you may as well pack up at once,' sniffed Mrs. Primrose.

Phillis went up-stairs, hoping to be alone for a little while; but her mother soon followed her, and continued to pour out her grievances, and to declare that she expected to be turned out of the house. But her mood changed when she found that her daughter was submissive, and strove not to argue upon the subject; and she began to suggest various alterations in Phillis's wardrobe, expressing a hope that she would not disgrace her, who had been over a much larger household than Mrs. Mordon's. Phillis thankfully encouraged this new frame of mind, and they both soon forgot, for a time, other subjects, in that all-absorbing topic, dress.

Still, Phillis's heart beat with apprehension at the interview in prospect with Thomas Breese. She suddenly asked her mother to be so kind as to see and speak to him in her place; but this Mrs. Primrose positively refused. With much pleading she prevailed upon her to be present at the meeting, saying that she was afraid she should offend him if again left alone with him. Indeed, she felt he had exhausted her stock of patience, and that she would be at a loss what to say.

The tea-things were removed, and they were busy over their needlework when he arrived. He looked annoyed at seeing Mrs. Primrose, but, having shaken

hands, recovered his customary stolid manner. She told him that they were doing a bit of needlework preparatory to a visit Phillis was about to pay to Park Lodge, and explained that Miss Emily had called to ask her to take Mam'selle Céleste's place during her absence for a holiday.

'Why need she go from home at all?' he asked.

'We couldn't very well refuse, Mr. Thomas. Mrs. and Miss Mordon have been very kind to her,' replied Mrs. Primrose submissively.

'So have I, and to you, and to Rounce; and I want a decided answer,' said Breese, looking at Phillis.

'Mother, will you give it to Mr. Thomas? You know what to say,' said Phillis appealingly.

Mrs. Primrose was all for temporizing, so she explained to him that she believed, if he would wait patiently until the visit to Park Lodge was over, Phillis might give him the answer he desired. But she knew that she was not speaking the exact truth; and Phillis felt that half-measures were of no avail, and wished her mother would be decided. She was herself a truthful girl, and would not have told a lie for worlds: still, so much seemed to be at stake, that she almost feared positively to refuse one who appeared to have the fortunes of her relatives in his power.

She was truly in a strait, though she firmly believed that her Heavenly Father could bring her through it, if only she had the courage to act aright. Again she looked entreatingly at her mother, as much as to say, 'Speak plainly, for I cannot;' but Mrs. Primrose avoided her glance. Breese saw it, however, and for once understood it. He replied to it by taking up

the conversation, and inquiring when Rounce was expected home, as he would soon settle matters. Mrs. Primrose replied that it depended on the fishing; he might be absent days only, or he might be away weeks.

Then Breese spoke ominously of the money Rounce owed him, and the many obligations he was under to him, adding significantly, with a side glance at Phillis, that she alone kept her uncle from jail, whither he would certainly go if she continued obstinate.

Poor Phillis! She was only a young girl, unused to the ways of the world, and this was a new experience to her. She could not really believe that he was in earnest; still she tried to realize what he said.

It depended on her, humanly speaking, to save her uncle from prison, her mother from poverty!

'But,' she asked herself, 'can I do this thing, and sin against God? Will He be pleased if I do evil that good may come?' She was, as we have said, quick of temper, and the threat roused her. She seemed to see at a glance that this man was so selfish that he would not hesitate to act as he had said; but she would not be forced into doing what she felt sure would be displeasing to the great Being who understands the secrets of the heart, even though the world would commend her for the act. So she laid down her work, looked Breese in the face, and said, decidedly,—

'If you think to frighten me into making up my mind, sir, you are mistaken. I should have done so long ago, but for mother and uncle, and other friends who advise me not to be hasty. I am going to Park

Lodge for a month, and, if you will wait for my answer till the end of that time, I will give it you for good and all. If uncle is in your power, you would act a more Christian part to release him, than you are acting by taking advantage of our poverty. I should like you much better if you didn't threaten uncle, and make him angry with mother and me, for no fault of our own. It is like going to the fair and buying a poor inoffensive animal that you have set your heart upon. It is no good to rebuke me, mother, I must speak.'

'And how well you speak—quite like a lady,' said Breese. 'Father will have no reason to complain. I will wait out the month, Phillis. And your uncle will be back, and he and I will talk it over. I will look in again to-morrow morning, and walk with you as far as the park gates. Good evening, Mrs. Primrose. I'm not offended; girls are all alike; they're hard-mouthed, and it takes a good bridle-rein to manage 'em. Good-bye for the present, Phillis. Only a month.'

He held out his hand, and Phillis put hers limply into it. What could she say to such a man? He thought of no one but himself. He had no real feeling for her. He did not even consider whether he were acting right or wrong. God was not in any of his thoughts, and he was so stolid that he would not mind ruining her uncle, if he was crossed. What was she to do? She did the best thing she could under the circumstances; she ran up-stairs, and asked for help and direction of Him who alone can make a straight path through the most thorny ways. Then

she sat down and meditated on many a lesson she had both learnt and taught at school, and finally took her Bible and read the passages she loved best ; until her mind grew quiet, and she was able to submit herself to Him who proves men by their circumstances, and who would, she was sure, guide her aright, even if she must pass through trial and disappointment before she was safely through the deep waters.

CHAPTER IX.

AS LADY'S MAID.

THE following morning Phillis was up with the lark. She and her mother had completed the small wardrobe, each movement of the needle having been accompanied by lamentations on Mrs. Primrose's side; and never was prisoner about to be released from gaol more joyous at the prospect of freedom than was Phillis at the hope of a whole month's deliverance from the persecutions of mistaken friends. She was ready to leave home immediately after breakfast.

'You don't care a pin for me, Phillis,' moaned her mother. 'I shall have to bear your uncle's reproaches alone; and I'm sure I don't know what I can say to him.'

'Shall I help you to carry your box, Phillis?' here broke in a voice, and Mary Harmer's handsome head was poked in at the door.

'It is not too heavy for one, thank you, Mary, but I daresay two will lighten the burden,' replied Phillis, while Mrs. Primrose looked displeased.

She had always considered Phillis superior to Mary, and for reasons of her own discouraged all intimacy. But Phillis was thankful, not only for the proffered aid, but for the chance of a third person, supposing that her suitor should be up as early as herself.

'You needn't cry, mother,' said Phillis, seeing Mrs. Primrose's apron applied to her eyes. 'I shall see you next Sunday, probably, and shall soon be back.'

'It is the first time,' sighed the widow.

Phillis kissed her, and felt remorseful. Who would clean up the house-place, cook the dinner, see to her uncle's clothes, and do a hundred other things? Her uncle! it was from him she wished to escape, so she hardened her heart again.

'I will look in and help you, Mrs. Primrose,' said Mary Harmer, but received no encouragement.

In spite of her resolution, there were tears in Phillis's eyes as she left the cottage. She and Mary carried her small box between them, and, as they walked up the street, the women stood at their doors to look at them. They were a great contrast. Phillis, in her neat cotton dress, black jacket, and straw bonnet; Mary, short-petticoated, aproned, with a shawl over her head, and one arm akimbo. Yet they were, in their different ways, the belles of Pebbleton.

'Wish you joy, Phillis,' said one as they passed on.

'You'll be rid of Rounce for a bit. We're best off without the men after all.'

'We shouldn't say so if we lost 'em in the fishing,' put in another. 'But Phillis and her mother have had a hard life of it. I'd rather be independent.'

'Better not go in there, or young Breese will hear of it,' laughed a third, as Phillis paused before Murrell's door.

'Wait a minute while I say good-bye to Patience,' said Phillis to Mary, and they laid down the box while the former went in, and the gossips gathered round the latter.

Phillis found Mrs. Murrell very poorly. She had passed a bad night, and the poor rheumatic limbs were more painful than usual. Kees was trotting about after Patience, helping her to put by the cups and saucers, and making great efforts to pronounce the name of any article he was permitted to handle. Mrs. Murrell forgot her pains in her amusement and interest, and declared the child to be a Godsend indeed! But he was soon clinging to Phillis, and trying to understand what she said to Mrs. Murrell. This was to have been a brief good-bye, only it was interrupted by the postman, who actually brought a letter. And it was from Ted! Phillis sat down on the bed, Kees on her lap, Patience at her side, while Mrs. Murrell tried to open the envelope.

'Your fingers are nimblest, Phillis, and they do put such a deal of gum,' said the trembling mother, passing the letter to Phillis, who soon unfastened it. 'Read it; your eyes are better than mine.'

'You read it, Patience,' said blushing Phillis.

But Patience was encumbered by her crutches, so Phillis read the welcome missive. It was as follows:—

'DEAR AND HONOURED MOTHER,—

'I hope this will find you better. I am very well, thank God. You will have heard of my good fortune from Van der Does, who promised to tell you when he went to see Kees. I am second mate in a merchantman trading to Holland, and it was all along of the cap'en of the *Sea Eagle*, who said a deal about me that I didn't deserve.

'He said I was a bit of a scholar, and could read and write, and preach a bit too, if needs be. Our cap'en is a godly man, and wanted, so he said, somebody who would set a good example on board, and asked me if I was willin'. I said I would do my best, and he took me then and there. It's a deal better than the fishing smacks, and one has a chance of getting on; but I owe it all to being taught so well in school. I parted from father at Yarmouth; he was all right, and the weather favourable. Our *Good Hope* is a taut little craft, and I hope God will bless her and all you at home. I shall send you my first earnings. Perhaps I may hear of Kees's friends. Kiss the lad for me, and dear Patience. Give my best wishes to Phillis. I suppose I mustn't say love. Job Rounce did his best to speak against me. The Lord forgive him. *He* did circumwent him, but I bear him no malice. I hope Phillis will act right; I'm sure she will: but you know what I mean, dear mother. God bless you all. Your dutiful and loving son,

'TED MURRELL.

'*P.S.*—Write to me at the post office, The Hague, and I hope I will get the letter. I wish—but never mind.'

Phillis read Ted's letter with difficulty, for, what between tears and smiles, she stumbled at intervals.

She waited for no comments, but hurried off as soon as she had concluded. Of course Kees followed, and she felt compelled to shut the door upon him.

'I thought you were never coming. What was the letter about? Who was it from? Ted, I'll be bound!' greeted her, but she laid hold of the cord of her box, and she and her companion were soon out of the village.

'"Act right!" What does he mean, I wonder?' she was reflecting, when who should appear but Mr. Thomas Breese?

She nearly let the box fall in her dismay, but when Mary said, 'Three's no company,' and looked about to leave her, she cast at her a glance of such entreaty that the girl went on, with a curtsey to the newcomer, and the words, 'I'm just helping Phillis to carry her box.'

'No call to carry it at all,' grumbled Mr. Thomas, aside to Phillis. 'Good morning, Miss Primrose. So you're going to Park Lodge,' he added aloud, with a nod to Mary.

'Yes, Mr. Breese,' she replied discreetly.

'I hope you will enjoy yourself, Miss Primrose.'

'I daresay I shall, sir. Good morning.'

To Phillis's relief, it was evident that Mr. Thomas was too proud to be seen walking in company with Mary Harmer, for he allowed the girls and box to pass

him, while he stood to look after them. Mary glanced back, but Phillis looked straight before her.

'I wish he had taken a fancy to me. He wouldn't have had to call twice,' laughed Mary. 'I'd rather have Overlook than Park Lodge any day. It's a very healthy place, and you can see the end of the world from the top winders.'

'I wish I was at the end of the world,' sighed Phillis.

'And you going to have as much as ever you can eat and drink, and wages beside!' responded Mary. 'Not that I would like to be sewing all day, and mending ladies' fandangoes. I'd rather be free and cry "herrin'!" Good-bye, Phillis. I can't a-bear the servants.'

This was said as they reached the back entrance of the Lodge, when Mary left Phillis to bear her box alone.

Her modest knock was answered by the cook, who received her graciously, and passed her on to the housemaid, who proposed that they should carry the box at once to her room. Phillis assented, and, taking one end of the said box, while Maria, the housemaid, held the other, they mounted the back staircase. Maria was a red-checked country girl, well known to Phillis, so she was at home with her.

'Mam'selle Céleste was off this morning, good luck, and this is her room, Miss Primrose,' said Maria. 'It's all in a muddle, and no wonder, for she's been packing for a month past, while mistress was looking out for some one to take her place.'

It is worthy of remark that Maria and her fellow-servants were not above calling Mrs. Mordon

'Mistress;' and did not think it necessary to say, 'Yes, Mrs. Mordon;' 'No, Mrs. Mordon,' with each sentence, but preferred the shorter civility of 'Ma'am.' They had not begun the 'levelling-up' process at Pebbleton, though the countryfolk were an independent, roughish race, and somewhat illiterate.

'Perhaps you had better tell Mrs. Mordon or Miss Emily that I am come,' said Phillis.

'To be sure; I'll be back in a minute,' replied Maria, and disappeared.

Phillis surveyed her apartment. Was it possible that she was to have that pretty quiet room all to herself for a whole month? Furniture fit for a lady, and a view of the Park from the window, and possible rest at night without either fretful complaints or loud brawling? It seemed too good to be true.

'Take off your things and come at once to mistress, please,' said Maria, returning suddenly. 'She's a bit fidgety, but then she's a hinwalid.'

Phillis obeyed, and in a few minutes was ushered into Mrs. Mordon's room. That lady received her kindly, and said she should be glad if she would begin her duties at once; for, she was afraid, she required a great deal of waiting upon, and the parlour-maid was obliged to leave her and resume her own work. Phillis felt alarmed, for she had never actually waited on a lady, though she had occasionally gone as dressmaker to the vicarage, and there seen the 'habits of the gentry,' as her mother phrased it. Mrs. Mordon looked so calm and sweet, however, in her soft grey dressing-gown, that fear soon vanished, and she quickly found herself attending upon that lady's behests as if

she had been 'to the manner born.' Mrs. Mordon always breakfasted in her room, and was subsequently a long time getting up. Indeed, she was rarely quite dressed before luncheon, and Mam'selle Céleste had found her mornings very *triste*, as she expressed it, and was right glad to get away to her native country for a change. Possibly Phillis might have felt the same, had she been some years in this monotonous service; but on this, her first day, she thought she could never tire of waiting on so gentle a lady, who patiently explained her requirements, and pointed out the various receptacles for her elaborate toilette. Phillis was, as we have said, neat-handed, and had an evident aptitude for her present work, and, being quick and ready-witted, proved as pleasant an addition to Mrs. Mordon's tedious hours as Kees did to Mrs. Murrell's. Not that the born lady was a confirmed sufferer like the fisherwife; only she fancied herself one; and imagination can become reality to the rich.

Phillis had been so much petted by the young ladies at Park Lodge and vicarage that she was not really shy, and, although never forward, was not behindhand in answering when spoken to. Mrs. Mordon, whose life was really more monotonous than her maid's, soon began to question Phillis concerning her own affairs and those of Pebbleton generally, and the girl's shrewd, amusing answers interested her, so that when her daughter came in from her morning round of visits to the poor she was quite cheerful.

'I have been telling Phillis that I should like to see that little Dutch boy again,' she said. 'She promised to teach him, but she can scarcely do so

while with us, unless he can come here. I think it would amuse me to help, and would be a change from the crochet.'

'Delightful, dear mamma!' said Miss Emily, who hailed any new object of interest for her mother. 'We will manage it. But luncheon is ready, and Ethel is waiting to see you. Miss Mordon is so glad you are here, Phillis. You will manage beautifully.'

The ladies went down to luncheon, and Phillis, aided by Maria, arranged her new mistress's room, and then went to settle her own.

CHAPTER X.

THE BETHEL FLAG.

JOB ROUNCE came home from the fishing more good-humoured than when he had left Pebbleton. He had been tolerably fortunate, and his boat and trawl net were uninjured, so he and his mates were better off than some others. Old Murrell had not come in from his venture, so none knew what success he had had. Mrs. Primrose had been some days expecting her brother, and had taken care to have the house in order against his return, and food ready at a moment's warning. Therefore, when he actually appeared, he found everything as neat as if Phillis had been there. He greeted his sister quite cordially for him, and sat down to the good tea she had got ready in no time. She even overcame her repugnance to the fire to the extent of frying him some eggs and bacon.

'Where's Phillis?' he asked at last, when he had

partially satisfied an appetite made keen by sea-air and hard work.

'She's at Park Lodge,' replied Mrs. Primrose, rubbing her hands one over the other, as was her custom.

'Park Lodge! What is she doing there?'

'Just helping the ladies a bit.'

'What time is she coming home? She won't be late, I s'pose, for I shall be glad to lie down in a bed again.'

'I don't expect her to-night, Job; the ladies asked her to stop as a favour. And your bed's quite ready, and you must want a good night's rest. Hadn't you better go at once?'

'Is she there dressmaking? She never went to Park Lodge before. I wonder if young Breese approves?'

Mrs. Primrose was relieved to find that her brother took the matter so easily, and seemed rather pleased than otherwise that Phillis should be where she was; but she hastened to turn his mind from Breese.

'Miss Mordon came herself to ask me to spare Phillis, because, she said, her mamma liked her; and I was loth to refuse anything to the Squire's family, and thought you could have no objection, Job.'

'Why should I, provided young Breese has none? Is that matter settled? Has she made up her mind?'

'Well, Job, I should think she had, but you know how reserved she is.'

'She's wery perwerse, that's what I knows. I s'pose she'll be back to-morrow?'

'I didn't stipulate about the time. You see, the

lady's maid has gone for a holiday, and Mrs. Mordon has an objection to strangers, and her health is so delicate.'

'Let her go a-fishing for a week or so, and I'll warrant me she would soon forget her ailments. People as have nothing to do get ill from idleness. I do myself, and then one must borrow to keep afloat, and that's the end of all things. If Phillis don't marry young Breese, we shall all go to the bottom together.'

'Go you to bed, Job. I daresay all will come right in the end. What can Mary Harmer want here? She's always in and out, and I must say I don't think her fit company for our Phillis.'

'Why not, I wonder? She's worth a dozen of Phillis.'

This change in the conversation was occasioned by the sudden appearance of the girl in question, who planted herself in the doorway, her arms akimbo as usual, and a broad laugh on her handsome face. She came to inquire when Job thought her father would be back, and was told that he was following in Rounce's wake.

'I saw Mr. Thomas Breese hankering about the park gates this morning, when I went up with some cod Jim brought in,' said Mary, with a knowing glance. 'He told me to go on to Overlook, and was there before me. He bought a good piece, saying he was in luck to get it, since all the best fish went to the London market. Then he questioned me about Phillis, as sly as a sturgeon, making believe that he wanted some shirts made, but was obliged to wait while Phillis was at the Lodge.'

'And what did you say?' asked anxious Mrs. Primrose.

'That she would likely be there till Mam'selle Céleste comes back from France.'

'From France!' ejaculated Rounce. 'I have been there, and 'tis a long way. But there's two to that bargain. Phillis must come home when *I* want her, or else she may pack off, bag and baggage.'

Mary Harmer laughed, nodded, and went her way. But she left a sting behind her, as she often did with her free tongue, whether intentionally or not, it was difficult to say. Rounce took his sister to task, because she had not told him that Phillis had gone for an indefinite period, and went grumbling to bed, where he remained the best part of the following day, sleeping off many potions and much fatigue.

In the evening he took another keg of illicit spirits to Overlook, which he had secreted in the cliff beneath that dwelling, and had a private interview with young Breese. He was not pleased with what passed, apparently, for, when he returned home, he told his sister that she must go to Park Lodge the following morning, and ascertain at once when Phillis would make the desired promise. But Mrs. Primrose was less alarmed than usual, because he was going out again with the boats, and could take no immediate measures. Moreover the village was all alive with the prosperous time the fishermen had had, and the women were thankful for money brought back for the cargoes already sold at different ports. The village shop and alehouse divided some of these gains, while others found their way into the clothing club and penny bank at the vicarage.

Rounce tossed a few shillings to his sister, and said he supposed Mrs. Mordon would keep her as well as Phillis, since she had taken possession of the pair of hands that could earn the most. But when Mrs. Primrose had set out for Park Lodge he sat down by the fire and reflected moodily.

He had some good points, and at heart was fond of Phillis, only the horrible drink overpowered his better feelings, and his debt to the Breeses made him reckless of her happiness.

'If she should refuse after all, he will be my ruin,' he thought. 'I have paid off a pound or so by those cursed kegs, but I owe for a year's rent, and for the money he advanced when I lost one of my boats, and for odds and ends besides. And he would not have held back so long, but for Phillis. He's a queer fish to deal with, and there's no hooking him. He may turn informer, too, though I've done my smuggling on his account. He's harder than a door-nail, and duller than ditch-water; but I think he'd make a decent husband; and then Overlook will be his, and he'll take Susannah off my hands along with Phillis, and then maybe I'll get married. As easy to keep a wife as a sister.'

A tap at the door interrupted his reverie. It was Mr. Repton, the vicar, who had been visiting the men returned safely from the fishing, and proposing that all should join in a thanksgiving service that evening. Rounce was one of his very black sheep; but he never despaired of any of his flock, and was, as Rounce expressed it, 'always poking temperance down their throats, instead of spirits.'

'How d'ye do, Rounce? Glad to see you safe at home again,' began Mr. Repton, as Job rose rather surlily, and asked him to be seated. 'I have just met Mrs. Primrose, who told me she thought I should find you in. Phillis has quite won her way into Mrs. Mordon's heart, and seems to adapt herself wonderfully to her new life. She is a very clever girl.'

'She's clever enough, but as obstinate as a mule,' growled Rounce.

'Girls will be girls, as the saying is, Rounce. I know that by my own. It is of no use to force them. You have been very kind to her and her mother, and—'

'Small thanks I get, sir. Phillis goes off without "by your leave," and her mother abets her.'

'But I think it will be good for Phillis. Will you join our service this evening, Rounce? We have much to be thankful for, here in Pebbleton, and I have not seen you at church for a long time.'

'The church is too far off. I always said it war—built more for the gentry than for us poor folk. I like the camp-meetings best, where there's no pews.'

'But they are only held once or twice a year, in fine weather, while the church is always in our midst. Indeed, Rounce, you must confess it is in the centre of the parish, and, being on high ground, serves as a beacon to ships and boats in stormy weather. I often wish it were lighted up at night. It is alight when we have service; and godly sailors often say they hoist their Bethel flag to keep us company.'

'I'm not a "godly sailor," and can't bear humbug.

'THAT IS PAST MY UNDERSTANDING,' MUTTERED ROUNCE.

There's Murrell always hoisting his "Bethel" flag, as he calls it, and praying and preaching when the fish is just waiting to be caught. What does *he* mean by Bethel? and what do the Methodies mean by calling their chapel "Little Bethel"?'

'"Bethel" means "House of God;" and when you sailors hoist the Bethel flag, you make of your craft for the time being a place consecrated to our Father's service. You remember how that Jacob dreamed a wonderful dream of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, on which he saw angels ascending and descending? Well, he was so struck by this vision that he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place. This is none other but the house of God; this is the gate of heaven." He therefore changed the name of that spot from Luz, so called from the almond trees round about it, to Bethel, the house of God. And be assured, my friend, that a fisherman's smack, whether tossing about in the North Sea, or breasting the waves nearer home, may have just such another ladder as Jacob saw, reaching from its Bethel up to heaven.'

Job Rounce listened with some interest to this explanation, which threw a new light on what he called 'the cant' of the God-fearing seafarers.

'Such a ladder wouldn't bear a rough lot like us fishermen,' he said. 'Besides, how could we get upon it, when we're swallowed up by a big wave before we can say Jack Robinson. One o' my mates was tumbled off the deck t'other day, and drowned before we could lay hold of his jersey. To be sure, he was the worse for liquor.'

'Ay, Job, it is your nearness to death that makes it so necessary for you to be prepared at a moment's warning. The ladder and the angels will bear the soul upwards, whatever the fate of the body, if only it be stayed on Jesus.'

'I am sure to wish,' said Job, rubbing his forehead, 'I had been a better fellow when the smack seems likely to go down with all hands.'

'Just so, Job. "Lord, carest Thou not that we perish?" was the cry of the fishermen when our blessed Lord was asleep in their smack. And what was His reply? "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" and then His "Peace, be still," sounded over the perturbed waters of the Galilean lake.'

'That is past my understanding,' muttered Rounce, 'for we are such a rough, godless lot.'

'And yet it was with such as you that the Son of God consorted. Ah, my friend, you little know what you do when you resist the promptings of His Holy Spirit! Come to the schoolroom where we hope to have a meeting for prayer, and ask for help to surrender yourself to the Saviour, instead—' Mr. Repton paused.

'Instead of to the devil, parson. Say it out,' supplied Rounce, although that was not what the vicar meant to say; however, he let it pass. 'Perhaps I might, since you're so pressing,' he continued; 'only I don't care to seem better than I am. Whatever I may be, I'm no hypocrite.'

'We are all of us, more or less, apt to deceive ourselves,' said Mr. Repton. 'If we go to Him through Christ with penitent hearts, He soon makes

our consciences clear to ourselves; convinces us of sin, in short.'

'I don't want nobody to convince me of that though I'm no worse than most o' my mates. But everything's going wrong with me just now, and one can't turn good all at once, though I shall have that "ladder" in my head just stuck atop of the Bethel flags, till it will a'most drive me mad. That's how I am.'

'I hope it will drive out worse thoughts. Let us pray that it may.'

Before Job Rounce knew what Mr. Repton meant, he saw him on his knees, and heard him offering an earnest prayer that the religion he had scorned might become his safeguard. He leaned his head on his arms upon the table, and listened—listened, for the prayer was for him alone.

And so Mr. Repton left him, praying still in his heart that this, his black sheep, might yet be led into the true fold.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISIT TO MRS. MORDON.

IT was afternoon when Mrs. Primrose reached Park Lodge. She rarely took a walk except on Sundays to and from church, so she was tired when she arrived. She had managed to slip on her best gown and bonnet, and looked, as the cook expressed it, 'quite the lady,' when she presented herself at the back entrance.

'Pray walk in, ma'am, and rest,' said that functionary, when she had informed her that she wished to see Phillis. 'We are just having a cup of tea, and we shall be much pleased, I'm sure, if you will take one with us. Miss Primrose is engaged just now with mistress and the little boy,'—the little boy was Kees.

Mrs. Primrose made an elaborate curtsey, and followed the cook quite majestically into the servants' hall, where a perfume of good tea greeted her. The parlourmaid and housemaid rose as she entered, and the ex-housekeeper was royally received.

'This reminds me of old times,' she said, with a sigh, when she was seated with a cup of steaming bohea before her; 'only, of course, I had the housekeeper's room, while I suppose this is the servants' 'all.'

She was not always so perfect in her h's as in her demeanour.

'Which it is, ma'am,' said the cook. 'Miss Mordon keeps house, leastways she and I manage between us, for, having been here over ten years, I know the ways of the family.'

'Of course you do. I was many years in Squire Molyneux's family as housekeeper, and then I married a gentleman in the neighbourhood, a farmer, and had one daughter. Phillis was but a child when her poor father died,' — here Mrs. Primrose put her handkerchief to her eyes, — 'and I felt so lost and lonesome that I came to keep house for my brother at Pebbleton.'

'You must find a great change, ma'am,' ventured the parlourmaid.

Mrs. Primrose sighed, but did not reply.

Here Phillis came in.

'Mother!' she exclaimed, scarcely knowing whether to be glad or sorry; for she feared some evil.

'Yes, my dear!' returned Mrs. Primrose, as Phillis stooped to embrace her. 'I wanted to talk over a

little matter with you, so I thought it best to come.'

Phillis sat down at the tea-table, saying that Mrs. Mordon had detained Kees, who seemed to interest her, and was giving him the cake and milk which she, Phillis, had previously fetched for him.

'He really begins to understand English,' she said. 'Mrs. Mordon thinks him remarkably quick.'

'It is a mercy she has taken a fancy to him,' said the housemaid, sipping her tea. 'There never was a nicer lady, but she is that fidgety that I wonder any one can put up with it all day long. Mam'selle Céleste couldn't, and Miss Emily couldn't, if she wasn't out of doors from morning to night.'

'Poor lady! she is such an invalid!' remarked Phillis reproachfully. 'Besides, she is so good, and one must put up with something when people are kind to us.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, Phillis,' said Mrs. Primrose significantly; 'and I hope you are dutiful to Mrs. Mordon.'

'She spoils her,' laughed the parlourmaid. 'Nobody but Miss Primrose will do now, and I shouldn't like to be in her shoes.'

Phillis coloured, and, having hastily swallowed her tea, proposed to her mother to go up to her room to discuss the business that had brought her to Park Lodge.

'Well! you are in clover!' exclaimed the widow, as she glanced round the apartment, now as neat as neat hands could make it. It is I who have to suffer. Your uncle has come home just as bad as

he went, and has sent me to you to know whether you will marry young Breese.'

'Tell him that I promised Mr. Thomas to let him know when I leave this place, and Mam'selle Céleste's holiday will soon be finished. She went for a month, and I wish it had been three.'

'Then you are very ungrateful, Phillis. You take up with strangers instead of your own kith and kin, and Mrs. Mordon don't seem such an angel after all.'

'But she is, mother, and I love her dearly. See what a beautiful dress she has given me. I said it was too good for me; but I thought it would make you a best gown, and you wanted one sadly.'

The sight of a black merino dress, almost as good as new, turned the current of Mrs. Primrose's thoughts, and both Rounce and Breese were forgotten in a consultation as to how certain alterations would convert it into a proper garb for a person in Mrs. Primrose's position, for she was particular in setting what she considered a good example in the matter of costume.

'There was a time, Phillis, when I could have worn it just as it is,' she said with a sigh, 'but not now—not now!'

'Mistress wants you, Miss Primrose,' was heard outside, accompanied by a knock at the door.

Phillis hurried off, but soon returned with a message to her mother from Mrs. Mordon, who wished to see her. She at once followed Phillis to the drawing-room. They found Mrs. Mordon, with little Kees on her lap, instructing him by the pleasant road

of pictures. He jumped off and ran to Phillis, with the broken words, 'Kees, lady, mammy, book, cake,' by which he was understood to mean that book and cake were destined for Mrs. Murrell, whom he had learnt to call 'mammy.'

'Take him into the garden and teach him the names of the flowers, Phillis, while I have a talk with your mother,' said Mrs. Mordon. 'Pray sit down, Mrs. Primrose. I am very glad to see you.'

The 'talk' was mostly on the lady's side, and concerned Phillis. She had taken a real fancy to the girl, who had already endeared herself not only to the mother, but the daughter, by her unselfish devotion to the invalid, and her bright, cheerful ways with her fellow-servants. She had drawn from Phillis, who was open as a full-blown flower, her difficulties with her uncle, and it was mainly on these points that she wished to speak to Mrs. Primrose.

'It does not do to force a girl into marriage,' she said. 'If she is let alone she may come round; if she is over-pressed she must rebel. I have never had so nice a maid as Phillis, and I should like to keep her, if, as I suspect, Céleste marries and remains in France.'

Mrs. Primrose started, for here was a new complication.

'Phillis has not told me why her uncle wishes her to marry at once,' continued Mrs. Mordon. 'Of course it would be a good match; but Mr. Repton seems to think that Mr. Thomas Breese is not a religious man, and that a Christian girl like Phillis would not be happy with him. Surely this should be considered.'

'Certainly, ma'am,' replied Mrs. Primrose, when the speaker paused for a reply; 'but we are under many obligations to Mr. Thomas Breese.'

'Now I understand. Would you kindly reach me that fire-screen, also the bottle of eau-de-cologne on the cheffonier? thank you. Phillis is invaluable to me, and I should like to keep her till Céleste returns. She may be away two or three months. She works so well, and has such taste, that she is really invaluable.'

'I am very much obleeged to you for saying so, ma'am,' said Mrs. Primrose, flattered and pleased. 'But I think I had better not mention your wish to my brother until you are quite sure about mam'selle. It might irritate him, because he is so set upon this match. And I should be much obleeged, madam, if you would not name it to Phillis either; for I know she would catch at a straw to delay it; and I must say she was hasty in engaging herself to you.'

'It was with your permission, Mrs. Primrose.'

'Quite so, ma'am, quite so. But her uncle has been very kind to us since I lost my poor husband. You know what it is to—to—be left a widow with an only daughter, and not to be equal to beginning life again. There was a new housekeeper at the Court—Squire Molyneux's; and, having had a farm and home of my own, it went against me to seek another situation.'

'I understand,' said Mrs. Mordon, as her visitor began to cry.

She had not before realized the fact that there was a certain amount of similarity between the positions

of Mrs. Primrose and herself, and she was not pleased at the unintentional comparison. She was a widow with an only daughter, indebted for a delightful home to her brother-in-law at the Park. Mrs. Primrose and Phillis shared theirs with the rough fisherman Job Rounce; still, there was a likeness.

'I will be careful not to implicate you, Mrs. Primrose,' she said rather stiffly. 'I will let you know when I have ascertained Céleste's plans. Might I ask you to be so kind as to take the little Dutch boy home? I cannot spare Phillis. Would you call them in?'

Mrs. Primrose did as she was desired, and Phillis brought in Kees, who took a bunch of autumn flowers to Mrs. Mordon, and made wonderful efforts at pronouncing their names. He succeeded in saying myrtle, but geranium, calceolaria, and others, were quite beyond his powers. His attempts made Mrs. Mordon laugh, and, between his infantine charms and Phillis's naïve manners and pretty face, she had passed a cheerful afternoon. It must not be supposed that her daughter was either unattentive or undutiful because she was so frequently absent from her; but Miss Mordon was a power in the parish, and was much occupied in schools, mothers' meetings, visitings, and the hundred and one duties that engage the attention of ladies interested in the condition of the poor.

'Will you ask Patience Murrell to teach him his letters, and to make him spell these little words?' said Mrs. Mordon, as her three companions were about to leave her. 'I shall probably send Phillis

for him again to-morrow. I am glad to fancy myself useful, and teaching is a variety upon knitting.'

'Dood-bye, mam,' said Kees, at the instigation of Phillis, and Mrs. Mordon kissed him with a sigh. She, like poor Mrs. Murrell, had lost a son who had been her idol, and the child was welcome to both.

Indeed, this visit of Mrs. Primrose did her good. She was inclined to solitude and rumination, and, fancying herself in worse health than she really was, denied herself to most friends and acquaintances. She imagined that her own sickness and sorrow were greater than those of her neighbours; but she found Mrs. Primrose very complaining, and certainly worse off than herself. All that Phillis had told her of Mrs. Murrell and Patience had interested her, and she began to feel a desire to make personal acquaintance with those for whom she had been knitting indefatigably for three or four years. Her daughter, though good, was sometimes impatient, and Céleste was quick-tempered, so she found her 'new broom,' Phillis, to 'sweep very clean' indeed.

The said Phillis had to smooth the way back to the village for her mother and Kees. The one strongly objected to going to Mrs. Murrell's, the other to leaving Phillis; so between them she had a difficult task, especially as Kees could not understand her reasoning. She overruled her mother's scruples, however, and managed poor little Kees by accompanying them to the entrance gates. On their way her mother reasoned with her and reproached her, saying that she would be their ruin if she did not accede to her uncle's wishes; but she would make no promise.

When they reached the goal, Phillis took Kees in her arms, kissed him, and let a large tear fall on his face. 'Ted! Ted!' he cried, clinging to her; but she put him down outside the gate, then slipped back and closed it between them. With the dear name ringing in her ears, she hurried back to the house.

Her mother took the child's hand, and pulled him on with difficulty, he muttering and screaming in unintelligible lingo. But he calmed by degrees, and trotted on at Mrs. Primrose's side until they reached the top of the village, when he bolted off, and was at Murrell's cottage some minutes before his conductress. This brought Patience out, to see who was with him, and enabled Mrs. Primrose to give her messages without accepting the invitation to enter.

CHAPTER XII.

JOB ROUNCE.

HEN the widow reached home, she found her brother seated by the fire, smoking his pipe. He looked dazed, she thought, and trembled at what might be his reception of her daughter's resolution. But to her surprise he began with another subject.

'The parson has just been here. He spoke up very kind, and, to oblige him, I'm thinking of going to church. Will you look up and come along?' he said.

'To church! Come along? Yes, Job, to be sure I will. We'll have tea directly.'

Not a word of Phillis; not even an inquiry; but Job sat on, smoking, with his eyes fixed on the fire, while his sister busied herself with the tea-things,

glancing at him from time to time, uplifting her hands, and saying to herself, 'He's dazed. He's going out of his mind. The Lord help us!'

And to church they went, he in his fisherman's dress, she attired in her best, as she had been for her visit to Phillis. But he spoke never a word. She made many efforts at conversation, but, receiving no answers, was silent. He merely nodded to such of his mates as he met, who did not know his destination, and when they reached the church he slunk into the corner near the door, where he was not only unperceived, but whence he could slink out again. She sat next him. She heard him mutter something about 'a ladder,' and was convinced that the drink and what the vicar had said were driving him mad. How she longed for Phillis! but she was not at church. Miss Emily was there, at the harmonium, so of course Phillis was at home to wait on Mrs. Mordon. Her voice and Ted's were sadly missed in leading the hymns, but the stentorian tones of the fishermen filled the sacred edifice. Job neither joined in hymns nor responses, neither did he kneel, but stood or sat like one in a dream. Both he and Mrs. Primrose caught the vicar's eyes more than once, and it was evident that Mr. Repton saw him, if no one else did. And God saw him, and knew what was in his heart.

Still, the service, the hearty hymns, the earnest sermon, made no visible impression on him. When they were over, he was the first to leave the church, and to Mrs. Primrose's consternation told her she must return home alone, as he had an appointment at

Overlook. Then he asked the fatal question, 'What did Phillis say?'

'That she would tell Mr. Thomas Breese when she leaves Park Lodge,' replied the widow, in fear and trembling.

'When will that be?'

'As soon as the French maid returns. Mrs. Mordon likes our Phillis better than the Frenchwoman; and no wonder! I never could abide those foreigners, French nor German.'

'They're well enough in their places; but I ha'n't nothing to do with them. 'Tis all a puzzle, and I can't get rid of thinking of them Bethels and the ladder.'

Rounce hurried off, leaving Mrs. Primrose in consternation. She was sure the drink was sending him out of his mind, and she murmured half aloud, 'What shall I do if he gets *delirium tremens?*'

'I was glad to see your brother at church, Mrs. Primrose,' were words that startled her. They came from Mr. Repton.

'Yes, sir; but I'm frightened to death about him; he has just left me, talking so queerly about "Bethels" and "ladders," and even Jacob and the angels, that I don't know what to make of him.'

'Let us pray that God's Holy Spirit may be dealing with his spirit,' said Mr. Repton; but he was too wary to give his reasons for his hope. 'That he has been once more to church is a good sign, and you must be careful not to ask him questions as to the why and the wherefore.'

'Indeed, sir,' replied the widow, half offended, 'I

know Job too well to interfere with him, though it is I that have to put up with his tempers now that Phillis is away. She used to manage him nicely, but she has lost her influence lately.'

'Tell him that I was glad to see him at church, and hope it will not be the last time,' said the vicar thoughtfully. 'We must pray for him, Mrs. Primrose. Argument is useless, but prayer offered in faith is never without effect. "Ask, and ye shall receive," are our Lord's own words.'

'That is what Mrs. Murrell always says, till I am forced to tell her that she has received little but trouble. Indeed, there isn't much else, though I daresay I am wrong to say so, and you a clergyman,' said Mrs. Primrose ruefully.

'She has received faith, patience, love, joy, long-suffering, and many other graces, which are beyond all price, and will receive "in the end eternal life,"' returned Mr. Repton solemnly.

Mrs. Primrose, not having realized these priceless gifts, felt aggrieved at the praises bestowed on her neighbour, of whom, in spite of her afflictions, she was slightly jealous. She did not venture to make any remark on her vicar's words, and he knew her, and his parishioners generally, too well to administer more than 'the word in season,' so he wished her good night, and took the road across the down to the vicarage.

When he left her, she was joined by several neighbours returning to the village from the service, all of whom wondered what had come to Job Rounce that he was seen within the church walls again.

'Maybe he's got a call,' said one pious old fisherman, who, like Murrell, was somewhat of a preacher.

'I'll be bound he's called to the "Pebbleton Arms" by this time,' put in Matthew Harmer, the father of Mary, whose acquaintance we have made, and who was himself more frequently seen at the 'Arms' aforesaid than in mother church.

'I don't know why Job may not go to church without all these remarks,' said Mrs. Primrose, offended.

'I knew something strange would happen,' said superstitious Nathan Rust, 'for I'm pretty sure I see Shock last night, running wi' all his might.'

'Then we shall have a storm,' was the general cry.

'Shock' was said to be a phantom dog without a head, that ran wildly up and down the coast. There were many superstitions at Pebbleton, but allusion to Shock turned the minds of the speakers from Job to him, and enabled Mrs. Primrose to hasten home alone.

Rounce did not return till a late hour, and when he did he was silent and moody. But he was sober, which astonished Mrs. Primrose. He went at once to bed, and she fancied she heard him muttering to himself afterwards. She knew he was to be out with the boats again the next day, and felt a kind of ominous anxiety about him.

'Maybe he'll be drowned, and then Phillis will never forgive herself for leaving so suddenly,' she thought.

The next morning was stormy, and while Job was at breakfast, still gloomy and silent, she suggested that the boats would scarcely put out if the weather was unfavourable.

'I'm off to the deep-sea fishing,' he said carelessly.

'Then you'll never come back!' she exclaimed, rubbing her hands.

'One more in Davy Jones's locker, if I can't get upon the Ladder,' he returned. 'You and Phillis will be glad to be rid of me.'

'But what are we to do with young Breese?'

'What you will. He'll have ruined me before I come home, if ever I do, unless Phillis marries him. But mind you don't say to him I told you I was going to the North Sea.'

'But what is to become of me, Job?'

'I can't tell. You must do the best you can. But I'm not a-going to prison if I can help it.'

'Prison!' ejaculated the widow, wringing her hands.

'Yes, I'm off to Yarmouth to join the fleet of smacks. A lot of us are going; my boat's as good as any, but I ha'n't got a Bethel flag.'

'What do you mean, brother? Are you ill? Are you—'

'Mad, you was going to say. I dunno, maybe I am. I shall be madder in the North Sea, but I must get away from they Breeses, or I shall do some mischief. There's Mary Harmer—I must have a word with her. Good-bye. Give my love to Phillis.'

He rose quickly, shook hands with Mrs. Primrose—a thing he had not done for long—and was up the village after Mary before she knew what he was about.

'Surely he is never thinking of her?' cried the widow. 'What shall I do? Whatever shall I do?' she muttered.

She had much reason for her complaint, for Job carried

out his intention, and left the Norfolk coast for the deep-sea fishing. What passed between him and the Breeses, father and son, was not revealed, but he evidently took himself off for some reason which he chose to conceal. There was nothing extraordinary in his doing so; but he left his sister in a very poor condition. She had no money, and could not do much to earn any without the help of Phillis, who was head and chief of their small dressmaking business. This had been maintained by the wives and daughters of the villagers and neighbouring farmers, and naturally was, at best, very fluctuating. Mrs. Primrose had learnt the common trade of knitting jerseys, but this would not keep her, so it was no wonder she exclaimed, 'What shall I do?'

She went again to Phillis that afternoon. She did not stay to have tea in 'the servants' 'all,' but asked the favour of going straight to her room, where Phillis soon joined her. The girl heard her tale in silence. She was much troubled, and when her mother ceased speaking said also, 'Mother, what shall we do?' Then she produced a letter she had received that morning from Mr. Thomas Breese, and read it aloud. It was couched in threatening terms, and both mother and daughter understood that to 'proceed as he said,' meant to ruin them all, and it seemed as if Rounce had absented himself to be out of the way of it. Everything seemed to hang on the girl's 'Yes' or 'No,' and she did not see her way clearly.

'Mother,' she said, 'I would marry him if it were not for the solemn promises of the marriage-service, and I have been trying to make up my mind to do so

under all circumstances, ever since I got the letter. I cannot ruin uncle and you. Every one persuades me to it, even poor Ted;'—this she uttered with a sigh;—'but I can't leave Mrs. Mordon at present. My wages will keep you from starving till—till—I can delay no longer. I shall try him with one letter, which shall be as humble as you like, and tell him that I have promised to stay here until Mam'selle Céleste comes back, when I will meet him and let him know what I have settled. If she marries and doesn't come back at all, I have a chance of escape, for something may turn up. And I don't believe our good God will let me sell myself even to save my mother.'

Here poor Phillis fell on her knees and hid her face in her mother's lap. This was more than Mrs. Primrose could stand, and they shed tears together. Phillis was the first to recover herself, and, drawing a paper from her pocket, she read the rough draft of a letter she had been composing for some hours to Thomas Breese, the purport of which was what she had just told her mother.

'Can't you promise to marry him when you leave? The letter is all very well, but it is no more than you told him when you saw him last,' said Mrs. Primrose.

'I am afraid he will not be satisfied. May I tell him I can never, never have him, and leave the rest?' asked Phillis, with an appealing glance.

'And ruin your uncle and me, and lose a good match yourself,' replied Mrs. Primrose reproachfully.

'I don't care what becomes of myself; but you and uncle!' cried Phillis in despair. 'I will just change

my letter into a petition, and ask him to be so kind as to wait till mistress is suited, and till uncle comes back—or, at least, to give me a little time to think. I will say all that is right, mother, be you sure. But I must not look as if I had been crying, or Mrs. Mordon will ask the reason. She likes me to be cheerful, and says I do her good because of my sunshine. Yet I am none so happy, for I am always thinking of the troubles of my friends. It seems a weary world, though by times it is like heaven, it is so happy.'

Ah, poor Phillis, she had come to one of those testing times when the soul needs the atmosphere of faith and truth to see clearly even its duty!

'I'm sure I sometimes think Overlook would be like heaven, after all we have gone through,' said Mrs. Primrose; and Phillis restrained her emotion, feeling that her mother's temporary sympathy had evaporated.

That evening, while Mrs. and Miss Mordon were at dinner, she wrote what to her seemed far too humble an appeal for time to Thomas Breese, and put it into the letter-box with a heavy weight on her heart. 'If only it were for Ted!' she thought. 'But then the words would have been different. Poor Ted!' and a smile passed over her sad face as she remembered him and little Kees.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NORTH SEA FISHING.

JOB ROUNCE did resolve, as his household supposed, to be out of the way of Breese. He went to Yarmouth, and got work on board a smack belonging to one of the North Sea fishing fleets, and was not long before he found himself one of the eleven thousand fishers employed in the vicinity of the dangerous Dogger Bank and other parts of the North Sea. He knew that he should be away from Pebbleton eight weeks at least, and he believed that Phillis would be more likely to do what was expected of her during his absence than while he was near her. He was, besides, driven in some, to him, unaccountable manner to let things take their course. If he was to be ruined, ruined he would be; and if he was to be

drowned, drowned he would be. He only hoped that somehow or other 'The Ladder' that haunted him would save him. He had frequently toiled in the North Sea by day and by night, and knew that men were drowned every week. He might be one of them. Who would care if he was?

The life he and his mates led was dangerous and rough indeed. To secure the supply of fish needed for the London market alone, their trawl nets were 'shot' in darkness and in light, and they must be ever on the watch. For eight weary weeks he would have to brave cold and tempest, either on deck or in a small dark cabin; and before his spell of work was done dreaded winter would have well set in. Hitherto his relaxation had been to watch for the floating dram-shops called 'copers' that Dutch or German speculators kept going amongst the fleets, and which contained fiery spirits, bad tobacco and cigars, and other inferior articles; but now, that prayer of Mr. Repton's, poured out for him, stayed the poisonous liquor as he raised it to his lips. He thought of one and another of his comrades whom he had seen leap overboard in their drunken fury, and then 'The Ladder' would present itself to his imagination, and he would mutter 'Too heavy—too mad to get on the lowest rung.' What if he should be one of the next to be added to 'The Cemetery,' as they grimly called the Dogger Bank? If he was, he was mainly certain that no angel would come to rescue his soul from perdition, and help it heavenwards. His mind was in so excited and miserable a state that he felt as if he could have put an end to life, but for this awful un-

certainty. He had been wretched enough before from the effects of drink, but then he had drowned his misery in repeated potations; but this was a different sort of despair.

His mates rallied him, but with them he was moody and unlike himself. Fishermen, like all sailors, have much kindliness of nature; and he, in spite of apparent roughness and even cruelty, was not all bad at bottom. Without the drink, he was even tender-hearted, as his reception of his widowed sister and orphan niece had proved; and he thought of them in this his strange mood. At night, when on the watch, he was sure he saw Phillis more than once, entreating him not to force her to marry against her will; and this vision recalled Breese and his debts to him, which tempted him to 'jump overboard and a' done wi't,' as he said to himself. But God in mercy restrained him. By day the unlading of the smack, or 'boxing,' as it is called, gave a turn to his ideas, although he knew that in this part of his service he might some day be drowned. Men and boys too often neglect the most ordinary precautions, and will not even use the life-belts when provided for them. It is often a perilous task for the boats, laden with the boxes of fish taken during the night, to board the steamers awaiting them to convey what the fisherwife in the song calls 'souls o' men' to the London market, not that 'caller herrin'' was the cargo which Job helped to ship; but cod, sole, turbot, and the like, which your London epicure loves. He knew that for the 'herrin'' he might have stopped at home, and in forty-eight hours have secured his load. Every day

steamers ply amongst the fleets, not, like the 'copers' to sell, but to collect the fish; and every day, be it smooth or rough, fish, good, bad, or indifferent, according to the hauls, are stowed into them for this England of ours.

Job knew all the hazards of the deep-sea trawling and the subsequent 'boxing' by heart; but never until this, his latest venture, had he fully realized how near eternity might be. A horrible dread had overwhelmed him, the dread of death, and what should come to him after death. He could no more shake it off than he could his dreams, as he tried to fancy the 'visions of his head' to be. Strange that he should think of old Murrell and Ted, just as he was hauling in a huge trawl net full of deep-sea wonders, and nearly falling overboard in the act. If he could see old Murrell he might get some rest. But where was he? As well to look for some particular fish in the net, as for Murrell amongst the hundreds of smacks. Ted was better off than either he or his father, being in the *Good Hope*, which was, at least, a decent merchantman; but it was useless to think of him, for he might be far away. The old man, however, must be within reach, if he could only get at him. This new idea took possession of him. He must see him before he (Murrell) left the North Sea; which would be a few weeks before he did himself.

A thought struck him. Old Murrell would be sure to be preaching or praying on board some smack or other on Sunday. He remembered that was ever his custom, and that many a drinking, godless fisherman like himself had been caught in what Murrell was

wont to call 'The Gospel Net,' and hauled safely into a respectable and religious line of life. But there was now a mission smack somewhere, and Murrell might go aboard her for Sunday service. He had only to look about him to see many boats making for one point. He was soon following in their wake, and reached a smack surrounded by boats, that were discharging their cargoes of fishermen into her with much difficulty and some danger. It proved to be the mission ship, flying a huge twenty feet flag, instead of the old Bethel. He clambered up her side with the rest, and, sure enough, there was old Murrell on deck. He had never before been glad to see him.[1]

'Rounce! is that you?' exclaimed Murrell, astonished.

'That's me!' replied Rounce, abashed.

They grasped hands, and no more was said; but they went into the hold, where Murrell and others were to have a prayer-meeting, and where fish-boxes were arranged as 'table and chairs.' The hold was soon crowded with fishermen, many of whom were God-fearing men; others, like Rounce, godless; but they had all come, for various reasons, to the Sunday service on the mission smack.

At first Job felt sadly out of place, but old Murrell, with a sort of intuition, managed to get next him. The congregation consisted of men from many ports, and he was the only one Rounce recognised. 'They

[1] See the *Sunday at Home*, 1883, p. 199, for some account of the 'Fishermen of the North Sea,' and the work of the 'Thames Church Mission' among them. There are now four mission ships, and the best results are beginning to appear from this effort.

are a rough lot, the best of 'em,' he thought to himself as he surveyed his mates, all in their fishing gear, and none in their 'Sunday best.' But most of them were in earnest about their souls, and this seemed to alter their faces, he thought, from rough to smooth.

'They'll be safe on the Ladder; I wish I was,' he mused, when old Murrell gave out a hymn, and a volume of praise surmounted the roaring of the billows. Job did not join in it, but he listened, and somehow the words soothed him. The hymn was succeeded by a prayer, and this by more hymns and prayers, offered by one and another of the small congregation, from the overflowings of hearts brimful of thanksgiving for the mercies of the Lord to those 'who go down to the sea in ships.' Job knelt and stood with the rest, as if in a kind of dream. He had never before realized what the words *praise* and *prayer* meant; indeed, so hearty and vigorous were both thanksgiving, entreaties, and responses, that to understand it was necessary to hear. 'Praise the Lord' and 'Amen' were on all lips, and followed such sentences as touched the hearts of those who listened.

Solemn, truly, was that simple service on the vast deep. One after another such fishermen as felt they had some special grace to ask for offered aloud their supplications, and Job Rounce marvelled that 'unlearned and ignorant men,' like himself, found words to address the Most High. He was, indeed, more in a dream than ever; but some words of old Murrell, 'What shall I do to be saved?' rang through his mind, and caused him to ask himself that all-important question.

After the service was over, he lingered about until Murrell joined him, but he had no words at command. They went on deck to watch the boats come to take off the congregation, and as the sea was rough this was a long process. Their own boats did not arrive, so Murrell asked Rounce if he would go below again for a talk.

'Your mind is troubled; you want a friend, mate,' said Murrell.

This loosed Job's suppressed feelings, and in a few words he told of the vicar, and his words about the Ladder. 'Praise the Lord!' exclaimed old Murrell. 'Let us pray.'

This was just what Mr. Repton had said. But this time Job's heart was softened, and he knelt down with his fellow-fisherman, and in a few seconds found himself repeating the words he uttered with all the fervour of one who has suddenly realized his lost condition. He understood Murrell's homely speech better, perhaps, than he had the vicar's more cultivated dialect, albeit each prayed for him and for his conversion from 'darkness to light, and the power of Satan to God.'

The frame of the strong man was convulsed, for he was under deep conviction of sin; and his whole soul was stirred within him. Old Murrell understood, and, when they rose from their knees, laid his rough hands on the shoulder of his mate, and said, 'God bless thee, lad, and make His way plain before thy face.' 'Amen,' ejaculated Job Rounce, and they went upon deck. Thence each descended, with difficulty, into his boat, tossing about below, and

they were all soon separated by wild North Sea billows.

As winter approached these billows became more tremendous, and the deep-sea fishing ever more and more dangerous. But Job Rounce and his mates fished on with more or less success. It has been truly said, 'That of all the several forms of seafaring life there is absolutely none comparable in severity, exposure, hardship, and stern peril, to that of the smacksman;' and Job was obliged to brave 'blackness and darkness and tempest,' to live in a black hole of a cabin when not on deck, and to experience meanwhile the throes of an awakened conscience.

One night in winter, when frost chilled the veins even of the hardy fishermen, a horrible tempest set in. Hail and rain and wind raged with the raging waves, and the hundreds of craft, large and small, that tossed about in the North Sea were all in danger of being engulfed in the awful vortex of tumultuous seething billows.

The fisher smacks ride the waves better than many a more stately ship, but the danger now seemed imminent. Job Rounce's smack was near the Dogger Bank. Of what use the feeble light in that utter darkness? Of what avail the handful of men and the weak rudder against the angry storm? One boat after another went down or was literally smashed up in the horrible tumult of the elements. Alas! for the widows and orphans at home. And again, alas! for the souls of men. It was now Rounce called to the Lord in his distress, and made a vow that, if he were spared, he would turn both his house and boat

into a 'Bethel,' and himself into a servant of God. Strange that there, in the blackness, there amid the shrieks of his mates, there in the tossing of the giant waves, stood 'The Ladder!' Was it, as Murrell had said to him, a call, or was it a vision of his excited brain? He knew not, he only knew that his hour was come, and he called aloud upon his God and Saviour.

He could not tell whether his smack was to be swallowed up or run down by a larger vessel that was near her. Such was the elemental war that ships and sailors were alike powerless.

'Maybe Phillis is praying for me,' he suddenly thought. 'I believe she loves me at heart. And maybe she has married to save me, while I am about to die. And Ted and she will be miserable, and it will be my fault.'

And with this thought came a vision of Pebbleton, his sister, Phillis, Ted, and the Breeses.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LANDSLIP.

JOB ROUNCE was not far wrong in his calculations. Although Phillis had not actually married Thomas Breese, she was on the eve of making up her mind to do so, for he would wait no longer. He had called on Mrs. Primrose, and told her that he intended to distrain for the rent, and that, if Phillis did not resolve to marry him, Rounce would be sent to jail as soon as he returned. And this was the situation of affairs the night of the storm. The said tempest was raging also on the Norfolk coast, and the hearts of the women quailed for fear.

On the beach, about a couple of miles from Pebbleton, a boat was driven ashore with its little crew of three fishermen. The first rays of the

winter's sun disclosed the trio to be old Murrell, Harmer, and his son. Murrell had been home from the North Sea about a month, and had been trawling on the coast. Now his trawl net was lost, but his boat and life were saved. He and his companions thanked God for their deliverance. The storm had lulled, and the morning promised fair. They hauled up the boat to a safe place beneath the cliffs, and proceeded to walk homewards by the beach, so as to allay the fears of their friends. As they walked over the rough shingle, Murrell discoursed of the mercies of Almighty God.

They were suddenly brought to a standstill by a tremendous landslip. Cliffs and beach were blocked by a huge mass of earth and other débris.

'Overlook!' exclaimed old Murrell, aghast.

The trio glanced up to the cliffs, and there, where the farm had stood, appeared only a heap of ruins. As far as they could see, walls remained, but how much of the house had mingled with the earth of which this great landslip was composed, none could tell. And what of the inmates of the farm?

'Overlook! Farmer Breese! young Breese!' was all the three fishers could say for a few seconds.

'The house could not even be seen from here, and now the cliff path, the field, the garden, are gone, and there are the walls,' exclaimed Murrell at last.

'They've been warned many's the time; but what can we do for 'em?' said Harmer. 'Mayhap they're buried with their fields.'

'The Lord forbid!' cried Murrell. 'Thee hath the youngest legs, Joe. Run up the cliff path and

give the alarm. We'll follow; for I persave part of the path's gone, and thy father and I'll have hard work to scramble up. We can't go further this way. I've seen many a slip in my time, but none like this.'

'Suppose they should be buried here!' cried Harmer, trembling from head to foot.

'Our four arms can do nothing to dig 'em out; no, not if all the folk of Overlook was underneath,' returned Murrell. 'We must get up the cliff somehow, though 'tis dangerous work, and we may have escaped the sea to be swallowed up ashore. But the Lord will provide.'

Joe Harmer, a youth of seventeen, sprang up the cliff path, which was on the outskirt of the landslip, and the others followed. Harmer called to his son to be careful, but only just in time, for the lad was about to mount the slippery earth when part of it fell, nearly precipitating him with it down the cliffs.

'Bear to the left!' shouted old Murrell; and the youth clambered over slippery rock and through brushwood till he planted his feet safely on a portion of the land above the cliffs that appeared firm.

His father followed less easily, but he also succeeded in reaching the summit. Murrell, whose age rendered him less agile, was often in danger of slipping, when there was no longer a path, and he was some time before he was on firm ground. He was, however, safe at last; but even as he set foot on a portion of one of Farmer Breese's fields, the earth seemed to crumble beneath his feet. He hurried towards what had been Overlook, but was now a heap of ruins, and there, shivering beneath the raw winter sky, he saw a group of frightened people. Harmer and

his son were flying in the direction of the village to bring help, and he therefore remained. The words 'Thomas! Thomas! my son! my son!' greeted him, and therewith Mr. Breese staggered towards him.

Murrell soon learnt that the inhabitants of Overlook had been aroused in the dark, it might have been a couple of hours before, by a great noise as of an earthquake. They had all got up, when they felt the house shake, and hastened out of it, in terror and confusion. They scarcely knew where they were, or whither to flee for safety. There was no light, and the storm had scarcely abated, though it was lulling. Mr. Breese, the maid-servants, and such of the farm men as slept in or near the house, were safe, and all had certainly heard the voice of Thomas; but when at last day dawned, he was not with the rest. The scene was terrible. A large portion of Farmer Breese's land was gone for ever, and therewith his good dwelling-house. Some of the farm buildings were still standing, and all the live-stock was safe; only Thomas was missing, and his poor father was desperate.

'I could put up with ruin, though that's bad enough; but not with the loss of my son,' he said to Murrell.

'Pray to the Lord, and let us search,' was the reply. 'Here's the sun at last.'

Breese uplifted his hands at the desolation before him, but Murrell set to work to discover Thomas. So, after a while, did the servants, only they were in such a wretched half-clad state that they had heart for nothing. Not that a landslip on the Norfolk coast was a new idea to them. They knew that the

sea had made dreadful havoc with the land, from time to time, at Cromer and elsewhere; and even that at Pebbleton the sea-wall was raised to preserve the place; but they had never realized that Overlook, which was distant nearly half an acre of ground from the cliffs, could be undermined by high tides, and encroached upon by the envious ocean.

Murrell went here and there, followed by the distracted father. He examined the ruin, looked down the tremendous gap in the land, and made every possible effort to discover what had become of Thomas Breese. While he was still so occupied, half the inhabitants of Pebbleton arrived, bringing tools and garments and every available aid: but the one object was to find the lost son. It was Murrell who at last succeeded. Going near the edge of the cliff, he heard a groan. Telling Breese to stand back, he lay flat down and looked below, shouting as he did so. He saw the object of his search lying on some of the débris beneath the overhanging cliff. Young Breese also saw him, and cried to him for help. He drew himself safely back, and, restraining the anxious father, told them all that he was alive.

It was no easy task to get to him, but the Pebbleton fishermen, many of whom had only just come home, were hardy and venturesome, so, by means of ropes and hazardous climbing, Thomas was reached. He was in mortal agony, and said he had broken every limb of his body. To judge from his groans and screams, when they affixed ropes to his arms and essayed to draw him up, he might have done so. But, thanks to the tender mercies of those who had

no reason to love him, he was saved. The danger to all concerned had been imminent. Mr. Repton and every available member of his household arrived just as he lay, half-unconscious, on the ground.

'Take him to the vicarage,' said Mr. Repton.

'I'll go to Rounce's cottage; 'tis mine, and there's room,' muttered Thomas.

Pebbleton was almost as near the farm as the vicarage, so they took one of the doors of the barn, happily saved, off its hinges, and laid him thereon. He had evidently broken some limb or limbs, for he swooned from pain. Mr. Repton had brought restoratives with him, which revived him, and they bore him to the main road, and thence to Pebbleton.

Mrs. Primrose, and such other women as had remained in the village after the arrival of Joe Harmer, were anxiously awaiting news. They were all in the street. Phillis was also there; for the family at the Park and Lodge had heard of what had befallen Overlook, and Mrs. Mordon had sent her to make inquiries.

The general consternation may be imagined, when the procession accompanying Thomas Breese appeared. Phillis was the first to reach it, and when she saw her would-be husband extended as if dead, she shrieked with terror. But he opened his eyes upon her and recognised her, muttering, 'Come along,' or some such words. She ran to Murrell's door, which was nearest, and at which stood Patience and Kees, and, entering the house, staggered to the goodwife's bedside. She had scarcely time to explain, when Patience cried out, 'They are taking him to your house, Phillis. It cannot be your uncle.'

'No, no,' returned Phillis. 'What will mother do? I must go to her, come what may.'

She hurried off, heedless of the cries of Kees, and found Mrs. Primrose in the utmost distress. The bearers of Breese told her what he had said, and there was no time to lose; but she had lost her wits. Phillis, on the contrary, had recovered hers, and hastily prepared her uncle's room, which was always kept neat, and they placed the maimed man on the bedstead, door and all. Mr. Repton arrived almost immediately, and took the management of matters until the doctor came, for whom he had sent. The events passed so rapidly that everybody was breathless with haste and terror.

People were used to the capsizing of the boats of the fishermen and the drowning of the crews, but not to the fall of such a substantial farm as Overlook; so it is no wonder that scarcely an inmate remained within doors in and about Pebbleton. Men, women, and children were either at the ruined farm, helping to dig among the débris for property, or surrounding Rounce's cottage, inquiring after Thomas Breese. When the doctor came he found that the latter had broken his leg, and injured, if not broken, some of his ribs. Who would nurse him? Mrs. Primrose said she would do her best, and Phillis promised to aid her as soon as Mam'selle Céleste returned, which was expected to be the following morning. But Thomas asked for Phillis, and the doctor said she must, at all hazards, remain near him. Mr. Repton undertook to make the matter clear to Mrs. Mordon, and Phillis, much against her inclination, remained. What was she to do with this man, who was on the eve of ruin-

ing her happiness and the comfort of all belonging to her? 'Return good for evil,' whispered Conscience, 'and leave the rest in God's hands.' She determined to do so, and sent a message to Miss Emily, who was in the village before it reached her.

Meanwhile old Murrell remained with Mr. Breese, who, in spite of his son's condition, could not be got away from the wreck of his house. He was to go to the vicarage as soon as possible, until definite arrangements could be made.

'It is of the Lord's mercy that all your lives are spared, sir,' said old Murrell.

'Stay here and superintend while I go and see after Thomas,' replied Mr. Breese.

Although he called the Murrells 'canting hypocrites,' he knew they were honest, and trusted them when he misdoubted others. Murrell said, 'Just look in upon my missus, please, sir, and tell her I'm all right.'

Mrs. Murrell had been praying all through that terrific night, and Patience had stayed with her while Kees slumbered up-stairs. Her husband and son had been battling with the storm somewhere, she knew; and, in the confusion and terror, no one had thought of telling her that Murrell was safe, and had been one of those who had first been made aware of the landslip, for Joe Harmer had spread the news and returned with the rest to Overlook. This much she knew, that her husband's boat had not come in with the others.

She was sitting up in bed, patiently knitting a jersey, Kees squatted near her, pouring forth a wonderful jargon of English and Dutch, and Patience busied with the housework, when Mr. Breese poked his head in at the door.

'Murrell is safe at Overlook,' was all he said.

'Thank the Lord!' cried the women, and 'Dank de Lor'!' echoed Kees, who had caught up this oft-repeated sentence.

Breese went on to Rounce's cottage. He found his son in the doctor's hands, and was not allowed to go to him. Mrs. Primrose was with the patient; Phillis and Miss Emily were below, and other women at the door.

'The doctor says there is no immediate danger, sir,' said Phillis. 'We will do all we can for Mr. Thomas.'

'And every necessary comfort shall be sent from the Park. My uncle bade me say so,' said Miss Emily. 'He is ill, or would have been here himself. He sent all the men to Overlook as soon as we had the sad news. But we are so thankful no lives were lost.'

'We shall be ruined out and out,' returned Breese, sitting down in Rounce's chair by the fire.

'Mamma will do very well without you, Phillis. I will go home and tell her you are most wanted here,' said Miss Emily, rising and going towards Breese.

She shook hands with him, and assured him again that whatever the doctor ordered should be sent from the Park or Lodge. He was never a man of many words, and now he seemed to have none at command.

'Let me make you a cup of tea, sir,' said Phillis. 'Why, you've had no breakfast;' and with cheerful alacrity she soon set before him all the house afforded.

'You're the young woman Thomas has set his heart upon,' said Breese, when the door was shut upon Miss Emily, and they were alone. 'He might go further and fare worse.

CHAPTER XV.

SAVED.

EWS of the terrible storm in the North Sea soon reached England, and the havoc it had made with the fishing smacks was found to be terrific. There were hundreds of widows and orphans weeping and wailing along the east coast, with no one to comfort them. But, happily, there were none at Pebbleton; for the only smacksman reported to have perished from that village was Job Rounce, and he had neither wife nor child. But he had a widowed sister and an orphan niece in part dependent upon him, and they wept very sore.

'Thank God, he was an altered man,' said old Murrell to these sorrowing women, when the details of the effects of the storm came to Pebbleton from Yarmouth.

'But I did not even see him before he went, and he parted from me in anger,' sobbed Phillis. 'He was always good to us except when he had taken too much.'

'And now we have no home, for this belongs to Mr. Breese, and he is getting in every penny he can lay hold of to rebuild Overlook,' cried Mrs. Primrose.

'You're heartily welcome to ours; though you're both wanted here till young Breese can be moved,' rejoined Murrell. 'His was a providential escape, and the doctor says he's doing well.'

'Only to think of his being in poor Job's bed!' sobbed Mrs. Primrose, rocking herself. 'And that he will never lie in it again. Oh dear! oh dear!'

'Maybe, if he'd been spared and tempted,' put in Murrell, 'he'd 'a got into trouble again.'

'That was a beautiful vision about the Ladder,' said Phillis.

'Anyhow he was sincere,' responded Murrell. 'The *Good Hope* was in the North Sea too, and there's been no news of her. May the Lord preserve our Ted!'

Phillis clasped her hands. If anything happened to Ted, as well as to her poor uncle, she was sure she must die. She did not realize, at the moment, that if her uncle were dead she might at least be released from the persecution of Breese, unless, indeed, he held the rod of his terror over her mother. And at the present he would not bear Phillis out of his sight. He was sadly irritable and tyrannical, but both she and her mother, aided by Mary Harmer occasionally, waited on him day and night, making excuses for the

exactions of one who was rendered almost motionless by splints and strappings.

His irritability increased when it came to his knowledge that Rounce's smack had gone down with the rest in the great storm.

'Where are we to look for our money now?' he asked of Phillis. 'We're ruined as it is; and he owes me a lot more than his rent, and this poor stock of furniture won't pay that.'

'Mother and I will work it out, Mr. Thomas,' sobbed Phillis. 'He was a good uncle to me.'

'If you had married me as I wanted, Phillis, he would never have gone off to the North Sea at all,' said Thomas; and this thought had already been tormenting Phillis.

'What would you have done with me now? You would have had another to keep, Mr. Thomas, and you say you can't maintain your servants,' spoke up Phillis.

'That's true,' replied Thomas, posed. 'All's for the best.'

'And poor uncle dead and buried in the sea!' cried Phillis indignantly.

'That's not my fault any more than the landslip. What's the last news of Overlook?'

'They are carting the bricks into Nine Acres, and stowing away what is left of the furniture in Sampson's house. They have begun to rebuild.'

'We can't afford that. Father will ruin me. All the money will go, and we can't get in our just debts. Why was I to break my leg and nobody else?'

'You said all was for the best, Mr. Thomas.'

'So I did, but I didn't mean my broken leg. Do you think Ted Murrell went down with the rest? I suppose if he did you would be more willing to marry me. Not that I shall be able to marry now for a long time. We shall be too poor, and there would be no house to take you to; and no money to buy the satin gown; and I don't know when my leg will be well.'

'We had better forget all about marrying now, Mr. Thomas. You will have to see to your father, and I to my mother; and neither of us will have a house over our head if you turn us out of ours.'

'Perhaps you are right, Phillis. We had better wait.'

Phillis could scarcely help smiling, in spite of her sorrow. She had learnt, during Thomas Breese's sojourn in the house, to humour him, and was pretty sure that his extreme selfishness would overcome every other feeling. She even began to hope that it would take a new turn, and centre in his misfortunes, to the exclusion of his fancy for her. But she was so miserable at her uncle's fate, and at the possible loss of Ted, that she felt as if she could not rejoice even if he gave her up. Besides, how were they to pay him this debt of her uncle's? And what was it? Her feelings of honour and gratitude to him were such that she believed it was her mother's and her duty to pay all his debts, whatever they might be.

Rounce's cottage was like a fair, the comers and goers were so numerous, and she had little time either to indulge her grief or thoughts. Old Breese was continually in and out; the doctor paid regular visits; all the farmers of the neighbourhood came to inquire;

Mr. Repton's ministrations were frequent; the Squire and his family came and sent with offers of service; and as to the inhabitants of Pebbleton proper, their inroads were incessant. Although the Breeses were not popular in prosperity, they became so in adversity; which speaks well for human nature. Mrs. Primrose was quite in her element, and rose to the occasion with a self-reliance that astonished Phillis. She even managed Mr. Thomas, which was more than any one else could do.

'You are quite equal to a situation, mother,' said Phillis. 'If only you could be housekeeper, and I any kind of maid in the same family, how happy we might be; and then we could save to pay Mr. Breese what uncle owes him.'

'We must consult Mrs. Mordon, my dear,' said the widow; and Phillis remarked that since the misfortune at Overlook she had not been so keen about her marriage with Thomas Breese.

'I wish people were not so much for money and position,' sighed Phillis to herself. 'And life is so short and uncertain that it cannot really matter, if we do our best where Providence has placed us.'

Whenever she had a moment to spare, she slipped out and consoled herself with Mrs. Murrell and Patience. They were quietly waiting and hoping for news of Ted. Although the *Good Hope* had not been heard of lately, there was no rumour that she had gone down; and they and Murrell always looked on the bright side of things, and put their trust in the Most High. They sympathized with Phillis as regarded her uncle, and, when she gave vent to her sorrow, and

even reproached herself for disobedience, they reasoned with her, and tried to show her that her marriage with Thomas Breese against her inclination might have been an offence in God's sight, though it was right in man's. But old Murrell and Kees were her best comforters; for the former spoke to her of her uncle's sincere penitence; the latter of Ted.

Thus matters went on for a few weeks, until it was considered safe for Thomas Breese to be removed to a small house that his father had taken while Overlook was rebuilding. He was better, and the doctor hoped that he would eventually suffer no great ill effects from his fall. But the losses in property were considerable, and would cripple the resources of father and son more effectually even than the broken limb would the son's body. The morning before the proposed removal, Mrs. Primrose was waiting on Mr. Thomas, when he suddenly asked her whether she thought Phillis had made up her mind. She replied that she did not know.

'Fetch her, and let us settle it for good and all before I leave,' said Thomas; and the widow went down-stairs.

He was still lying on Rounce's bed in his small room, but many comforts had been added to that cabin, as Rounce called it, and it was now a smart and bright little chamber. Phillis had done her best to make him feel at home, and had striven even to read to him, and so to soften his obdurate, dull nature. This had been comparatively easy to her, when she fancied he had given her up; but now she was suddenly called away from her needlework below, 'to

settle everything,' which she had fondly hoped settled. She followed her mother up-stairs with a melancholy foreboding of evil.

'I'm sure I am very much obliged to you both,' he began, in his usual heavy voice, 'for what you have done for me. Come what may, Phillis, I'll stick to my bargain, and say no more about Job Rounce's debts, if you'll wait till Overlook's rebuilt, and marry me as soon as I'm ready. You can stop on here till then.'

'But remember, Mr. Thomas,' put in Mrs. Primrose, bridling up a little, 'we're not answerable for my brother's debts. You can take all he had, but you have no claim on us.'

'I didn't say I had. I only want it settled for good and all.'

Phillis was about to say that she had made up her mind positively to decline his offer, when there was a noise below, and finally a heavy step on the stairs.

Phillis went to the half-open door, and fell back aghast, with a sudden cry. The door was pushed wide open, and Job Rounce came in—Job Rounce in the flesh, and looking much as usual, only soberer and neater.

'Uncle!' cried Phillis, casting her arms about him.

'Is it Job, or is it your ghost?' exclaimed Mrs. Primrose, nearly falling down on Thomas Breese's bad leg.

'Take care! what are you about? Rounce, is that you? Now we can settle up everything,' said Mr. Thomas.

'It is I as sure as I'm alive,' laughed Rounce, who had come home in excellent spirits. 'Why, Phillis,

my girl, thee art really glad to see me, and I thought thee'd be very sorry.'

'Sorry, uncle! Oh, thank God! thank God!' and Phillis burst into tears.

'We heard you were drowned in the great storm,' said Mrs. Primrose, wiping her eyes. 'We never thought to see you again.'

'Eh! I was in deep waters, surely. And I hear you've been as nigh death as I was, Mr. Thomas,' returned Rounce gravely. 'We've had time given us to consider our ways.'

'Yes; and now you've come back we can settle everything,' replied Thomas briskly. 'We were talking about it when you came in. Maybe you have had good luck, and can let us have a trifle of money.'

'I'm come home nakeder of body than when I went out; but my soul's converted,' answered Rounce. 'I've got my foot on the Ladder.'

'Oh, uncle, dear uncle, I'm so glad!' cried Phillis.

'I suppose you expected to find Phillis at Overlook, and bygones bygones,' said Breese.

'I was too troubled in spirit to think about it; but now the Lord has spared me, I mean to begin a new life. I'm willing to go to jail or anything, Mr. Thomas, if so be you're hard upon me; but my little Phillis, who is glad to see me after all, shall do just as she likes. Sister and I will end our days together, praise the Lord! and Phillis shall marry you, or Ted, or whoever she fancies. I'll not be a hindrance.'

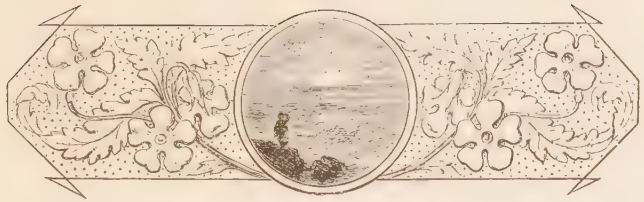
Phillis stood amazed.

'Yes! Ted saved me. He picked me up in the

midst of the storm. He was looking out to save life, when some of us were sinking; and he got us safe, half-drowned as he was, upon the *Good Hope*. The Lord save us from such another storm!'

'Uncle, I will run and tell Mrs. Murrell and Patience! I won't be a minute,' cried Phillis, in great excitement.

'Yes, go, little Phillis. Run quick,' returned Rounce, with a glad expression on his face; and before Breese could interpose she was gone.



CHAPTER XVI.

SURPRISES.

'NCLE is come home! Ted is safe!' cried Phillis, almost before she had entered Murrell's cottage.

She stayed her steps on its threshold, for the room seemed full to her agitated and bewildered mind.

'Come in, Phillis,' sounded on her ears; and in another moment Ted Murrell was at her side.

Ted clasped her hands with the words, 'We are all safe, thank God!' and, scarcely knowing where she was, what she did, or what had happened, she found herself in the cottage, her hands still held firmly by him. She looked towards Mrs. Murrell's bed, and round about it was a group of people that seemed to her quite alarming; yet it consisted only of old

Murrell, Patience, and a gentleman and lady seated near the foot of the bed. Kees was on the lady's lap, his arms round her neck, hers embracing him.

'Moder! Fader! Ted!' cried the child, springing off the lady's lap, and running towards Phillis.

She looked at Ted and asked what it all meant. But there was no time for an answer, for Kees dragged her towards the bed, and in some, to her, unintelligible tongue, addressed the strangers. They rose, and the lady held out her hand, while the gentleman spoke to her in tolerable English.

'You have been kind to our child. May God reward you! Every one has been good to him,' he said, his voice broken by some strong emotion.

Tears were streaming down the cheeks of the lady, and Mrs. Murrell was sobbing for company.

'It is Mr. and Mrs. Van der Pol, Kees's parents,' said Ted. 'Piet Van der Does found them, and brought them to me in the *Good Hope*. She was about to leave Holland for England, and they came aboard for the voyage, seeing they were sure Kees was their child.'

It was some time before Phillis could understand. At last, however, her mind took in the history of Kees and his parents. Van der Pol was captain of a large merchantman. When Ted picked up Kees she was a wreck; and all her passengers, Kees included, had been consigned to the boats, the captain and the crew remaining till the last. Most of the passengers perished in the capsizing of the boat, but the sailors and Van der Pol were rescued by a passing steamer. Kees had accompanied his father on a short voyage,

and the result we know. His parents were mourning for him as lost, when Van der Does found them out and assured them he was safe and cared for. They had come to fetch him home. Ted and Rounce had brought them by rail from Yarmouth, and they would all have a few days on land while the *Good Hope* was refitting. Ted had a holiday, and they would all stop at Pebbleton that night at least.

Never was humble cottage filled with happier inmates than Murrell's. 'Praise the Lord,' was on all lips, and Mrs. Murrell declared she had not felt so well since she was first taken down. The good news soon spread through the village, and every one rejoiced that Ted was safe, and that the Murrells would be relieved of the burden of Kees. But this was their one sorrow in the midst of their joy. How could they part with the child they loved, and who loved them?

'You must come vid us—all—all!' cried Kees, when he understood that he was to return to Holland. Phillis kissed him, and he clung to her. His parents were much affected by his demonstrations of affection. Phillis went home, followed by Ted.

'Will you come for a walk by and by, Phillis, when we've settled down?' he said.

'If uncle will let me. I can never displease him again. And you saved him, Ted! How good and brave you are!' answered blushing, bewildered Phillis.

'Ask him—he will let you, dear,' returned Ted.

She found her uncle smoking his pipe by the fire, while her mother was preparing food for him. There was a peremptory call from above, and Mrs. Primrose answered it, while Phillis took up the cooking.

'Dear uncle,' she said, 'I am sorry that I ever offended you. I was miserable when I thought you were drowned.'

''Tis I who must ask pardon, Phillis. It was all the cursed drink; but I've settled young Breese, and indeed he isn't as hard as he was. Trouble's good; please God, I'll mount the Ladder yet. Ted and you must manage the rest between you.'

So that same afternoon Phillis accompanied Captain and Mrs. Van der Pol and Kees to Park Lodge, and Ted went with them. They wished to return thanks to Mrs. Mordon and her daughter for their kindness; but Phillis did not consider it necessary to be present at the interview; so she and Ted diverged, when they saw that the others were admitted, and soon found themselves in the woods.

Spring was advancing with swift foot, and the rich undergrowth of rhododendron trees screened the paths and the lovers. These trees, for they had outgrown their child-name of bushes, were in full bloom, and were the admiration of natives and tourists. The soil suited them, and the woods of Pebbleton Park were adorned with purple blossoms. Here and there a white or pink bloom was interspersed, but the hue was mostly purple. There was a rustic seat, however, backed with trees of each colour, and on this Ted and Phillis sat down. The young larches were clad in their delicate green above; birds were singing everywhere, and a view of the sea was in front. Here Ted told his tale.

'They say I saved the ship,' he began modestly. 'It was an awful storm, and the captain and the first

mate were disabled. I had to take command; so I am to be first mate, and some day, I hope, captain.'

'And you saved uncle all the same, Ted?' asked admiring Phillis.

'We picked him up with several other smacksmen, and I didn't know it was Rounce for some time. Oh, Phillis, my dear, I was thankful for your and everybody's sake!—for he's a changed man. He stuck to us, and when we put in, after tossing about for days, at a port in North Holland, who should turn up but Van der Does? He soon brought Cap'en Van der Pol and his wife, and when the *Good Hope* was watertight again we all set sail for Yarmouth. On board, the cap'en asked Rounce all about me, because I saved poor Kees, and he told him everything. Says he, "I'm a rich man, and nothing shall stand in the way of Ted's marrying, if your niece will have him, and you are willing." Your uncle said it would be the best day of his life. So now, Phillis, what do you say?'

'Oh, Ted, you know!' ejaculated Phillis. 'But what is to become of mother and uncle?'

'That is what I said to Cap'en Van der Pol just before we came out,—leastways, I mentioned your uncle's debt to Mr. Breese; saying that your mother would be my mother, and she would share and share alike with us. Says he to me, "I'll pay Rounce's debt as a marriage portion for his niece, because you care for her, and she has been kind to my Kees." Now, Phillis, what do you say?'

It did not take Phillis so long 'to make up her mind' on this occasion as it had done when Breese

put a similar question. Indeed, it had been made up long ago, so nothing remains to be said on the subject, but that Ted declared himself 'Lucky Ted,' instead of retaining his old sobriquet. But there is still something to be said as regards the sequel.

Captain Van der Pol was not content with liquidating Rounce's debt to the Breeses. He paid Mr. Thomas a visit before that worthy left the cottage, and found the said debt so small that he considered it but a poor return for the recovery of his boy. It had seemed very large to Rounce. So the captain freed Rounce from his liabilities, and left him and Mrs. Primrose their furniture wherewithal to begin a new life together. All this was effected in young Breese's room, in the presence of old Murrell, on the morning of the invalid's removal to his new quarters.

'Under present circumstances, the money is more to us than Phillis would be. All's for the best,' said Mr. Thomas, philosophically relinquishing what he could not keep.

When this was settled, the captain declared his intention of helping Ted to take and furnish a cottage. There was a small house vacant a little way out of the village, which Ted and Phillis considered too grand, but which he and old Murrell thought might be turned to good account, as neat-handed Phillis might let a couple of rooms, and thus help out the housekeeping. This, with her dressmaking, would be occupation while Ted was away on the broad seas.

'I think the cap'en and his wife would give all their fortune to pay us for Kees,' sighed Mrs. Murrell;

and I'd rather have him; though, to be sure, he'll be better off in Holland with his own parents.'

When the parting came it was a sad time. Kees was torn between his two mothers, and nothing reconciled him to leaving the Murrells, but the promise that his parents would bring him back to see them some day, when they would all lodge with Ted and Phillis in their new house. But he was going with Ted, which was something, and he was going home.

Old Murrell, Rounce, and Phillis went to Yarmouth to see him off in the *Good Hope*, and they had thus an opportunity of hearing of Ted's good character and good deeds.

'When I come back, please God, in a few months, all will be ready,' he said to Phillis gaily, just before they parted.

'If you want more money, let me know,' added Captain Van der Pol.

And all was ready against Ted's return. A pretty house, more inland than the village, yet within sight of the sea, neat new furniture, a wedding suit, and Phillis, to say nothing of another reward for saving life, awaited him. Moreover, he found his mother much better, and rejoiced her by a letter from Kees, concocted in peculiar English between him and his father. He also found that Rounce and Mrs. Primrose were likely to end their days together, and that the latter need have had no fear of a rival in Mary Harmer, who was affianced to a younger man.

'Young Breese is lame for life,' said Rounce to Ted, 'and thinks a deal more of his leg and his losses

than of Phillis. I don't know what we shall do without her.'

'Mr. Thomas has sent me a flitch of bacon, with his good wishes,' laughed Phillis, 'and promises to pay for his board and lodging as soon as their affairs are settled. And Mrs. Mordon and Miss Emily have given us that beautiful tea-service, and all the servants, and all our friends, have sent us something.'

'I like the flitch best, because it is a peace-offering,' said Ted. 'Perhaps we may win another flitch in a twelvemonth.'

A sailor may not be long on land, even when he is about to be married, so the festivities at the wedding of Ted and Phillis were short, if pleasant. All Pebbleton rejoiced with them, and the church was full of fishermen in their best jerseys, and fisherwives in a variety of coloured shawls and hoodlike head-gear. All the congregation trooped after the wedding party as they left the church, and went, not to the pretty new home which Ted's unselfish zeal for others had secured him, but back to Mrs. Murrell and Patience.

'We're come together after all, mother. I thought we should,' said Ted, embracing mother, sister, and wife with sailor-like warmth.

'God bless you both!' said Mrs. Murrell, opening her arms to receive her new daughter-in-law.

The cottage soon filled, and pretty Phillis stood, hand-in-hand with Ted, surrounded by mother, sister, father-in-law, uncle, and all the fisherfolk, the happiest bride in the world.

MORRISON AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S LIST OF BOOKS. FOR PRESENTATION.

The Religious Tract Society Publishes Several Thousands of Books for all Readers, at all prices, from One Farthing to One Guinea. This List gives the Titles of many that are suitable for presentation, but the following Catalogues, containing full Lists of the Society's Publications, are also issued, and will be forwarded, Post Free, on application to The Secretaries, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.:—

General Catalogue of Books, etc.	Books for Circulating Libraries.
Classified List of General Literature.	Tracts, Handbills, Leaflets.
Classified List of Tracts.	Publications in various Languages.
Illustrated Catalogue of Gift Books.	Diagrams and Pictures for Lecturers.

CHIEF OFFICE: 56, Paternoster Row, London.

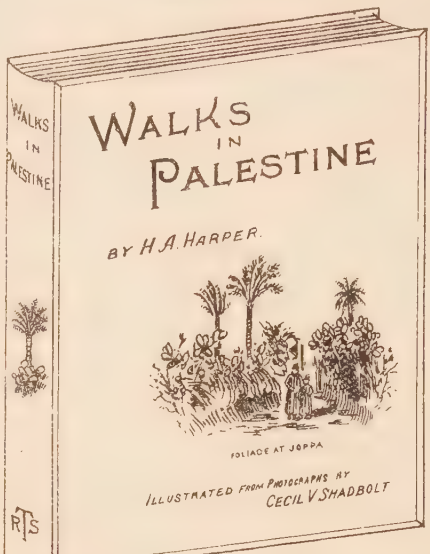
A large variety of Presentation Books at all prices may be inspected at the Retail Depôts.

London: 65, St. Paul's Churchyard *(Opposite the Northern Entrance to the Cathedral)*, and 164, Piccadilly.

Liverpool: 18, Slater Street. Manchester: 100, Corporation Street.
Brighton: 31, Western Road.

The Religious Tract Society, London.

AN ELEGANT GIFT BOOK.



WALKS IN PALESTINE.

The letterpress by HENRY A. HARPER, author of "Illustrated Letters to my Children from the Holy Land," etc. Illustrated by twenty-four photogravures from photographs taken by C. V. SHADBOLT, Esq. Royal quarto. (Size of page 12¾ by 10¼ inches.) 25s. bevelled boards, gilt edges.

This volume forms a superb gift-book and souvenir of the Holy Land. Mr. Shadbolt's photographs are of the highest merit, and they have been most beautifully reproduced by Messrs. Annan and Swan. The letterpress is from the pen of Mr. Harper, who has lived in Palestine, and is familiar with every spot shown in the illustrations.

"This book may be pronounced one of the most artistic productions of the season, and no choicer gift could be desired."—*Illustrated London News.*

"A splendid gift book. Whether we regard the volume as a work of art, or as an aid to study, it is equally to be commended."—*Western Daily Press.*

"The text is interesting, and the photographs are of very exceptional merit as photographs quite apart from their subject."—*Manchester Guardian.*

A USEFUL BOOK FOR PRESENTATION.

FIFTH REVISED EDITION. Large Quarto. 36s. Cloth Boards.

ANALYTICAL CONCORDANCE

TO THE BIBLE.

Containing every word in alphabetical order, arranged under its Hebrew or Greek original, with the literal meaning of each, and its pronunciation, exhibiting about 311,000 references, marking 30,000 various readings in the New Testament, with the latest information on Biblical Geography and Antiquities, etc. Designed for the simplest Reader of the English Bible. By ROBERT YOUNG, LL.D.

The present work is in no sense an edition of CRUDEN, either in its plan or its execution. The predominating feature is *The Analytical Arrangement of each English word under its own proper original in Hebrew or Greek, with the literal meaning of the same.* By this means the reader is enabled to *distinguish things that differ*, which are frequently confounded in the English Bible, and which have hitherto been the exclusive property of scholars. For the Authorised Version often renders *one* Greek word by *ten* or *twenty* English ones; and, on the other hand, it sometimes employs *one* English word to translate *ten* or *twenty* Greek ones.

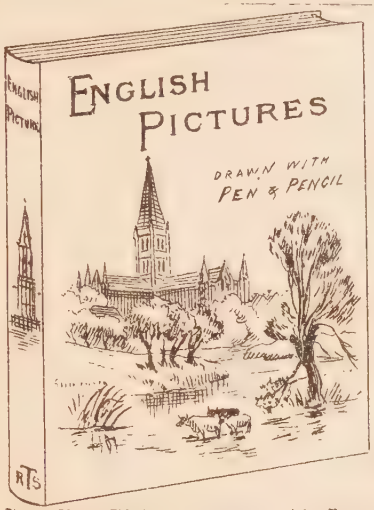
"By far the most complete and serviceable concordance."—*Expositor.* "Most admirable."—*Literary Churchman.* "The concordance of concordances."—*Presbyterian Monthly.*

ILLUSTRATED TABLE-BOOKS.

The "PEN AND PENCIL SERIES."

Imperial 8vo (size of page, 11 by 7½ inches).

Price Eight Shillings in handsome cloth, gilt edges; or Twenty-five Shillings each in morocco.



NEW EDITION.

English Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., and S. G. GREEN, D.D. With numerous wood engravings. 8s. handsome cloth; or 25s. in morocco.

"It is illustrated by a large number of the very best wood engravings."—*Art Journal.*

Scottish Pictures. By Dr. S. G. GREEN, author of "German Pictures," "French Pictures," &c. Profusely Illustrated by Perceval Skelton, MacWhirter, Boot, Whymper, and other eminent Artists. 8s. handsome cloth; or 25s. morocco elegant.

"An excellent book for the drawing-room table."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Sea Pictures. By Dr. MACAULAY, Editor of the *Leisure Hour*, &c. Containing the Sea in Poetry, Physical Geography of the Sea, the Sea in History, and the Harvest of the Sea. 8s., in handsome cloth; or 25s. in morocco elegant.

Mr. Ruskin says:—"This beautiful book is by far the best I have ever seen on the subject, and will be a most precious gift-book for me."

Canadian Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the MARQUIS OF LORNE. With numerous fine engravings by E. Whymper, from Sketches by the Marquis of Lorne, Sydney Hall, and others. 8s. extra cloth boards gilt; or 25s. bound in morocco elegant.

"Most interesting—an extremely pleasant book."—*Saturday Review.*

Russian Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By THOMAS MICHELL, C.E., author of "Murray's Handbook to Russia," etc. With upwards of one hundred engravings. Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

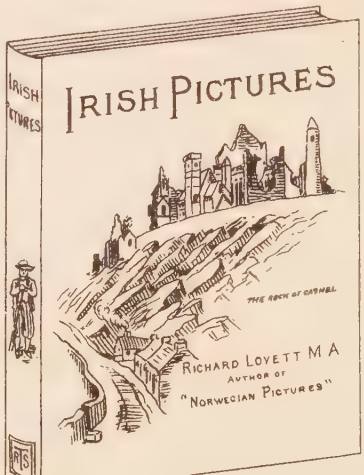
"It would be a mistake to regard the book as a mere ornament of the drawing-room table. It will undoubtedly answer this purpose, and give a pleasing occupation to any who may listlessly turn over its leaves. But to the reader who takes it more seriously, it will convey also a large amount of solid information."—*Guardian.*

The "Pen and Pencil" volume for 1889. It is written by a gentleman who has spent a great part of his life in Russia, and who is familiar with the language and the people of that great empire. It is, of course, impossible in such limited space to give anything beyond the briefest sketch of many parts of the enormous area covered by Russia in Europe and Russia in Asia. But the effort has been made to compress into the chapters on Siberia, Central Asia, the Caucasus, etc., all that the intelligent general reader is likely to need: while such centres as St. Petersburgh and Moscow are much more fully described. The maps and the numerous engravings render it possible for any careful reader to get accurate and fairly complete ideas of the many lands and peoples that are combined under the Czar's sway.

ILLUSTRATED TABLE BOOKS.

The "PEN AND PENCIL SERIES."—*continued.*

Imperial 8vo (size of page, 11 by 7½ inches), beautifully Illustrated, printed on superior paper, price 8s. in handsome cloth, gilt edges; or 25s. each in morocco elegant.



Recently Published.

IRISH PICTURES.

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

BY RICHARD LOVETT, M.A.

Author of "Norwegian Pictures," "Pictures from Holland," etc. With a map and over one hundred Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs. Imperial 8vo. 8s. handsome cloth boards, gilt edges, or 25s. bound in morocco, gilt edges.

"Contains some pleasant writing on the natural beauties and antiquities of Ireland."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"The descriptions can be commended for their truth and fulness."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"A really splendid volume."—*Cork Herald.*

"The illustrations are excellent."—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

American Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. New Edition. Profusely Illustrated. 8s. in handsome cloth gilt; or 25s. in morocco elegant.

"The text is clear and vigorous, and the numerous illustrations which bear it company are a striking complement to its descriptions."—*Guardian.*

Italian Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. New Edition. Revised, with additions by Dr. S. G. GREEN. Profusely Illustrated. New Edition. 8s. handsome cloth gilt; or 25s. in morocco elegant.

French Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Dr. SAMUEL G. GREEN. With fine Engravings. 8s. in handsome cloth gilt; or 25s. in morocco elegant.

"Gives a graphic notion of the general aspect of France and its inhabitants."—*Standard.*

Pictures from the German Fatherland. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Dr. SAMUEL G. GREEN. With fine Engravings. 8s. handsome cloth, or 25s. in morocco, elegant.

"We can recommend the work as a capital and cheap present."—*Art Journal.*

Pictures from Holland. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A., Author of "Norwegian Pictures," etc. With one hundred and thirty-two illustrations. Imperial 8vo. 8s. handsome cloth, gilt edges; or 25s. bound in morocco elegant.

"A charming book, prettily illustrated, and prettily written."—*Saturday Review.*

"The artist has succeeded in pourtraying all the more interesting phases of Dutch life and scenery with fidelity and spirit."—*Morning Post.*

ILLUSTRATED TABLE-BOOKS.

The "PEN AND PENCIL SERIES."—*continued.*

Price Eight Shillings in handsome cloth, gilt edges; or Twenty-five Shillings each in morocco

Norwegian Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. With a glance at Sweden and the Gotha Canal. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. With a Map and 122 Illustrations, engraved by E. Whymper, R. Taylor, and others. Quarto. 8s. cloth boards, gilt edges; 25s. morocco.

"One of the most charming books on Norway that has appeared for a long time."—*Academy.*

Australian Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By HOWARD WILLOUGHBY, of the "Melbourne Argus." With a large Map and Illustrations from Photographs and Sketches, engraved by E. Whymper and others. Imperial 8vo, 8s., handsome cloth, gilt edges; 25s. morocco elegant.

"These pictures are real, vivid, and life-like. They are written by a man who belongs to the scenes and the people."—*Australasian.*

Swiss Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With numerous Illustrations. 8s., handsome cloth gilt; 25s. morocco.

Indian Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. WILLIAM URWICK, M.A. Profusely Illustrated. 8s., in handsome cloth gilt; 25s. morocco.

"The Society, in all their excellent series of 'Pictures,' has not given to the public a better executed or more interesting volume than this."—*Spectator.*

"Those Holy Fields." Palestine Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With numerous Engravings. 8s., handsome cloth gilt; 25s. morocco.

Pictures from Bible Lands. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. Edited by the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. The Engravings by Edward Whymper and others. 8s., handsome cloth gilt; 25s. morocco.

The Land of the Pharaohs. Egypt and Sinai. Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With numerous fine Engravings 8s. handsome cloth gilt; or 25s. in morocco.

ONE GUINEA.

THE LANDS OF SCRIPTURE.

Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. Containing "Those Holy Fields" and "The Land of the Pharaohs," by SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.; and "Pictures from Bible Lands," by S. G. GREEN, D.D. Imperial 8vo. 21s. handsomely bound in cloth gilt.

This elegantly bound and profusely illustrated volume forms a very suitable Presentation Book to a Minister, Sunday-school Superintendent, or Teacher. It gives, in a concise and interesting form, a large amount of information about the places mentioned in Scripture, such as would prove of great service to every Bible student.

A HANDSOME GIFT-BOOK.

"It is a beautifully printed and very prettily illustrated volume, and is admirable in tone and feeling." *Athenæum.*

"The author's endeavour has been to recall those qualities in the personal character of the Queen and the incidents in her life which have most endeared her to her people."—*Illustrated London News.*

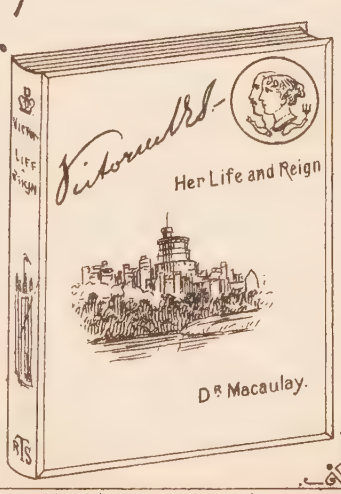
"A very acceptable gift-book." *Stamford Mercury.*

Victoria.

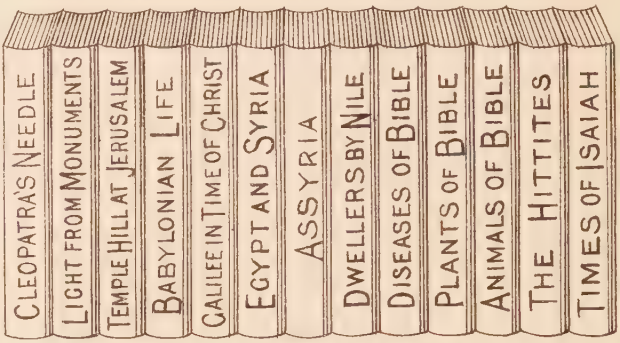
Her Life and Reign.

BY

Dr. MACAULAY, Author of "Sea Pictures," "Luther Anecdotes," "Gordon Anecdotes," etc. With Five Portraits of the Queen, and 60 Engravings by Edward Whymper and others. Small Quarto (9¾ by 7 inches), 6d., cloth, gilt edges.



A Useful Set for Presentation



By-Paths of Bible Knowledge.

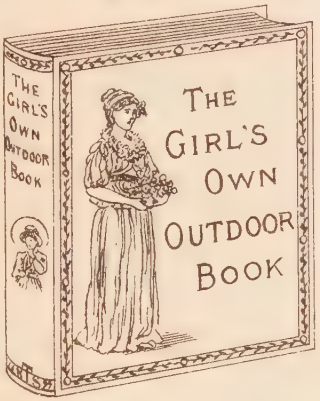
"The volumes which the Tract Society is issuing under the above title fully deserve success. They have been entrusted to scholars who have a special acquaintance with the subjects about which they severally treat."—*The Athenæum.*

13. **The Times of Isaiah as Illustrated from Contemporary Monuments.** By A. H. Sayce, LL.D., author of "Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments," "The Hittites: a Story of a Forgotten Empire," etc. With a Map. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.
12. **The Hittites; or, The Story of a Forgotten Empire.** By A. H. Sayce, LL.D. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.
11. **Animals of the Bible.** By H. Chichester Hart, Naturalist to Sir G. Nares' Arctic Expedition and Professor Hull's Palestine Expedition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth boards.
10. **Trees and Plants of the Bible.** By W. H. Groser, B.Sc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth.
9. **The Diseases of the Bible.** By Sir J. Risdon Bennett, M.D., F.R.S., Ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians. 2s. 6d. cloth.
8. **The Dwellers on the Nile.** Chapters on the Life, Literature, History, and Customs of Ancient Egypt. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., of the British Museum. Illustrated. 3s. cloth.
7. **Assyria: Its Princes, Priests, and People.** By A. H. Sayce, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated. 3s. cloth.
6. **Egypt and Syria.** Their Physical Features in Relation to Bible History. By Sir J. W. Dawson, F.G.S., F.R.S. With many Illustrations. 3s. cloth.
5. **Galilee in the Time of Christ.** By Selah Merrill, D.D., Author of "East of the Jordan." With a Map. 2s. 6d. cloth.
4. **Babylonian Life and History.** By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Cambridge, Assistant in the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum. 3s. cloth.
3. **Recent Discoveries on the Temple Hill at Jerusalem.** By the Rev. J. King, M.A., Lecturer for the Palestine Exploration Fund. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. 2s. 6d. cloth.
2. **Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments.** By A. H. Sayce, LL.D., Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology, Oxford, etc. With Facsimiles from Photographs. 3s. cloth.
1. **Cleopatra's Needle.** By the Rev. J. King, Lecturer for the Palestine Exploration Fund. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d. cloth.

HANDSOME GIFT-BOOKS

FOR

Young Men and Maidens.



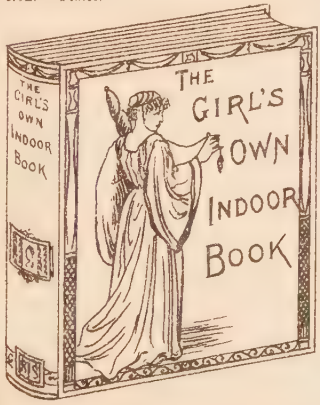
The Girl's Own Outdoor Book. Containing Practical Help on Subjects relating to Girl-Life when out of doors or when absent from the Family Circle. Edited by CHARLES PETERS. Profusely Illustrated. 528 pages. Quarto. (Size of Page 8½ by 6½.) 8s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

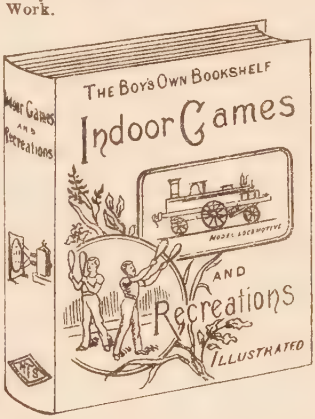
Contents.—Girlhood — Outdoor Recreations—The Seaside—Our Summer Holidays—Holiday Needlework—Social Amusements—Etiquette—Travelling—Shopping and Marketing—The Gardener—Fowl Rearing—The Botanist—The Ornithologist—Nick-nacks made from Natural Objects—Photography—Astronomy — Outdoor Music — Christian Work.

Girl's Own Indoor Book. Edited by CHARLES PETERS. 528 pages, 8½ by 6½. With over one hundred and fifty illustrations. 8s. cloth, gilt edges.

Containing practical help to Girls in all matters relating to their material comfort and moral well-being. By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married," Dora de Blaquiere, Dora Hope, Marie Karger, Lady Macfarren, Lady Lindsay, Ernest Pauer, Sir John Stainer, the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor, John C. Staples, Canon Fleming, "Medicus," Ruth Lamb, Sophia Caulfeild, and many others.

"A complete repertory of female occupation."—*Times.*





Indoor Games and Recreations. A popular Encyclopædia for Boys. Edited by G. A. HUTCHISON. Including chapters by J. N. MASKELYNE, Lieut.-Col. CUTHELL, Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N., Rev. A. N. MALAN, M.A., C. STANSFIELD-HICKS, Dr. STRADLING, and others. "Boy's Own Bookshelf." Vol. VIII. With many Engravings. Quarto. A splendid Gift-Book or Prize for Boys. 528 pages (8½ by 6½). 8s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

"No more valuable gift-book could be chosen for young people with active brains."—*Saturday Review.*

NEW SERIES OF

HALF-CROWN BOOKS

FOR ALL READERS.

Each with **384** *pages. Illustrated.* 2*s.* 6*d. cloth, gilt edges.*

A Bunch of Roses. By Miss C. LOCKHART-GORDON, author of "Elsie's Auntie," etc. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

The Awdries and their Friends. By Mrs. PROSSER, author of "The Door Without a Knocker," etc. Illustrations. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

Frank Layton. An Australian Story. By GEORGE E. SARGENT, author of "The Story of a Pocket Bible," etc. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth boards, gilt edges.

The Story of a Pocket Bible. By G. E. SARGENT, author of "The Story of a City Arab," etc., etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth boards, gilt edges.

Her Own Choice. By RUTH LAMB, author of "Bernard Kendal's Fortune," "Only a Girl Wife," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth boards, gilt edges.

Merle's Crusade. By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, author of "Aunt Diana," etc. Illustrations. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

Only a Girl Wife. By RUTH LAMB, author of "Her Own Choice," etc. With Illustrations. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt,

Chronicles of an Old Manor House. By the late G. E. SARGENT, author of "The Story of a Pocket Bible." etc. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

A Race for Life, and other Tales. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth, gilt edges.

Strange Tales of Peril and Adventure. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

Remarkable Adventures from Real Life. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

The Black Troopers and other Stories. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

Adventures Ashore and Afloat. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

Finding Her Place. By HOWE BENNING, author of "Quiet Corners," "Ursula's Beginnings," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

The Mountain Path. By LILY WATSON, author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

Among the Mongols. By Rev. J. GILMOUR. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

Within Sea Walls; or How the Dutch Kept the Faith. By G. E. SARGENT. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

The Story of a City Arab. With Portrait and Memoir of the author, the late G. E. SARGENT. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth gilt.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUALS

FOR PRESENTATION.

The Leisure Hour

Annual for 1889.

"Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand."

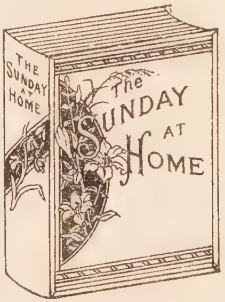
THE VOLUME FOR JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1889, of this Monthly Magazine for Family and General Reading contains 712 Imperial 8vo. pages (11 X 7½) of interesting reading, with numerous Illustrations by Eminent Artists. It forms a handsome Book for Presentation, and an appropriate and instructive volume for a School or College Prize. Price 6s. in cloth boards; 7s. 6d. extra boards, gilt edges; 9s. 6d. half-bound in calf.

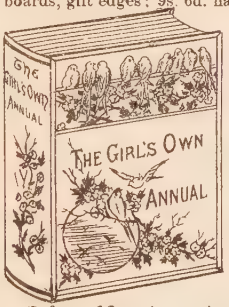
The Sunday at Home.

Annual for 1889.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR SABBATH READING.

THIS VOLUME FOR JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1889, forms a very suitable Book for Presentation. It contains 688 pages, Imperial 8vo (11 X 7½), with a great variety of Interesting and Instructive Sabbath Reading for every Member of the Family. It is profusely illustrated by Coloured and Wood Engravings. Price 6s. cloth boards; 7s. 6d. extra boards, gilt edges; 9s. 6d. half-bound in calf.





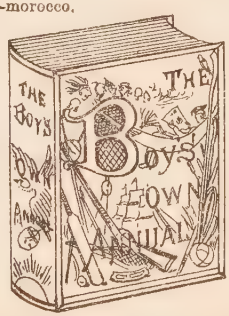
The Girl's Own Annual.

The Tenth Volume of "The Girl's Own Paper,"—containing 832 Demy 4to (11 X 8¼) pages of interesting and useful reading. Stories by popular writers; Music by eminent composers; Practical Papers for Young Housekeepers; Medical Papers by a well-known practitioner; Needlework, plain and fancy; Helpful Papers for Christian Girls; Papers on Reasonable and Seasonable Dress, etc., etc. Profusely illustrated. Price 8s. in handsome cloth; 9s. 6d. with gilt edges; 12s. 6d. half-morocco.

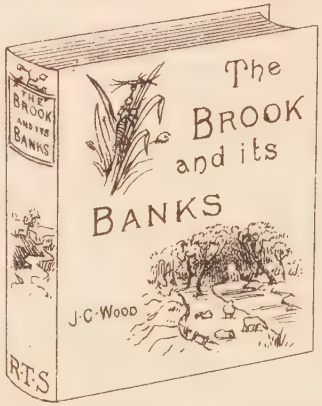
The Boy's Own Annual

FOR 1889.

The Eleventh Annual Volume of the "Boy's Own Paper." Containing 832 large pages (11¼ X 8¼) of Tales of Schoolboy Life, and of Adventure on Land and Sea; Outdoor and Indoor Games for every Season; Perilous Adventures at Home and Abroad; Amusements for Summer and Winter; and Instructive Papers written so as to be read by boys and youths. With many Coloured and Wood Engravings. Price 8s. handsome cloth; 9s. 6d. gilt edges; 12s. 6d. half-morocco.



ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.



THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

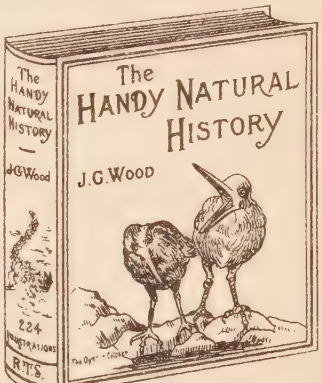
By the Rev. J. G. Wood, author of "The Handy Natural History," etc., etc. With many Illustrations. Imp. 16 mo. (8¼ by 6¾) 6s. cloth gilt.

This is one of the latest works of the well-known writer, the Rev. J. G. Wood. The reader is conducted along the banks of any English brook, and taught in the pleasantest of ways how to discover the many objects of interest and living creatures found on the banks or in the water. No better gift-book for any who have a love for natural history could be desired.

THE HANDY NATURAL HISTORY.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood, author of "Homes without Hands," etc., etc. 368 pages (8 by 6¼), with 224 Engravings. 8s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

"A delightful book, and will make a very handsome and enviable high-class prize or present."—*School Board Chronicle.*



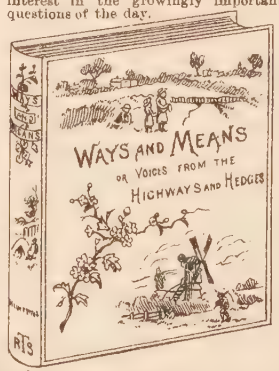
The Crown of Flowers.

Poems and Pictures from the "Girl's own Paper." Edited by Charles Peters, with Illustrations by M. E. Edwards, Davidson Knowles, Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., R. Catterson Smith, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, John C. Staples, C. H. Edwards, O'Kelly, J. McL. Ralston, William Small, Frank Dadd, and other eminent artists. Demy 4to. 6s. handsome cloth, gilt.

Ways and Means; or, Voices from the Highways and Hedges.

A Series of Sketches on Social Subjects. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo, author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. Imperial 16mo. (7¾ by 5¾), 5s. cloth, gilt edges.

This book is an addition to "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye" series. It is prettily illustrated, forms a capital gift book, and may be read with great profit by all who feel an interest in the growingly important social questions of the day.



The Harvest of a Quiet Eye;

or, Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives. By the Rev. J. R. Vernon, M.A. With numerous Engravings. New Edition. 6s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

"I never saw anything more gracefully or more rightly done—more harmoniously pleasant in text and illustration."—*Mr. Ruskin.*

Ingleside and Wayside Musings.

A companion volume to "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye." 6s. cloth gilt.

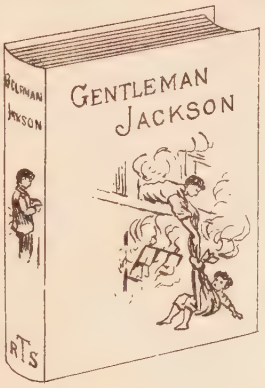
Random Truths in Common Things.

Occasional Papers from my Study Chair. By the Rev. J. R. Vernon, M.A., author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye." Illustrations. 7s. cloth gilt.

"It seems even better than 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.'"—*Mr. Ruskin.*

"Should be placed next to Wordsworth on every student's bookshelf."—*Standard.*

ILLUSTRATED STORY BOOKS.



Dick Delver. A Story of the Peasant Revolt in the Fourteenth Century. By HARRIETTE E. BURCH, author of "Count Renneberg's Treason." With Illustrations. 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

For the Sake of a Crown. A Tale of the Netherlands. By Mrs. FREDERICK WEST. With Illustrations. 2s. cloth.

Farmer Bluff's Dog Blazer. By FLORENCE E. BURCH, author of "Joseph Adams," "Therefore," etc. With Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 2s. cloth boards.

Dandy Blue; or, Robin's Knight-Errant. By EMILY BRODIE. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

Rights and Wrongs. A Story of Village Life. By S. S. PUGH, author of "Stories of the Old Romans," "My Schoolfellow Val Bownser," "His Masters," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth boards.

Gentleman Jackson. An Outline. By H. FREDERICK CHARLES, author of "The Doctor's Experiment," "Young Sir Richard," "Under Fire," etc. With Illustrations by Edward Whymper. Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth boards.

Mr. Mygale's Hobby. A Story about Spiders. By the author of "The Glory of the Sea," "The Great Auk's Egg," etc. Illustrated by Charles Whymper. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.

Forestalled: or, The New Fabric of Stonefield Mills. By EDITH C. KENYON, author of "Jack's Cousin Kate," etc. With Illustrations by Charles Whymper. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

Allan Dunstan; or, Wheat among the Tares. By THOMAS KEYWORTH, author of "The Maresborough Victory," "A Long Delay," etc. With Illustrations by C. Whymper. Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth boards.

For France and Freedom. A Tale of the French Revolution. By EMMA LESLIE, author of "At the Sign of the Blue Boar," etc. Illustrations. 3s. cloth boards.

The Glorious Return. A Story of the Vaudois. By CRONA TEMPLE, author of "The Last House in London," "John Denton's Friend," etc. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

The Boy's Own Bookshelf.

My Friend Smith. By TALBOT BAINES REED, author of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "The Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," etc. With an introduction by G. A. HUTCHISON. Illustrated. 5s. cloth boards.

Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch. By TALBOT BAINES REED. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

Football. A Popular Handbook of the Game. By Dr. IRVINE, C. W. ALCOCK, and other recognised authorities. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

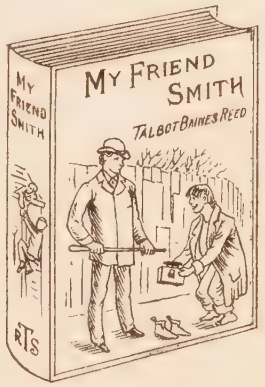
Cricket. A Popular Handbook of the Game. By Dr. W. G GRACE, Rev. J. PYCROFT, Lord CHARLES RUSSELL, F. GALE, and others. 2s. cloth.

A Great Mistake: A Tale of Adventure. By T. S. MILLINGTON. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

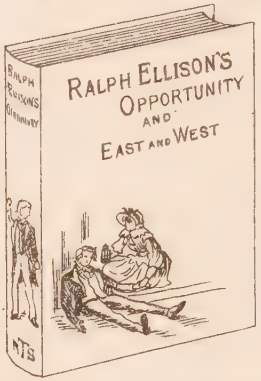
The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's. A School Story. By TALBOT BAINES REED. With Illustrations. 5s. cloth.

Through Fire and Through Water. A Story of Adventure and Peril. By T. S. MILLINGTON. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Harold, the Boy Earl. A Story of Old England. By J. F. HODGETTS, Author of "Eric the Norseman." 3s. 6d. cloth.



ILLUSTRATED STORIES.



Ralph Ellison's Opportunity, and East and West. By LESLIE KEITH, author of "The Chilcotes," "Great Grandmamma Severn," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

Mr. Wentworth's Daughters. By Miss MARY DIBDIN. With Illustrations by Edward Whymper. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.

A Chronicle of a Country Town. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

A Shadow on the Threshold; or **A Little Leaven.** By JESSIE ARMSTRONG, author of "Griggie's Pilgrimage," "Frank Horton's Vintage," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

Genevieve; or, The Children of Port Royal. A Story of Old France. By the Author of the "Spanish Brothers," "The King's Service," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

Shayning Castle. By ELLEN LOUISA DAVIS. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Marcus Stratford's Charge; or, Roy's Temptation. By EVELYN E. GREEN. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Last House in London. By CRONA TEMPLE. Illustrated. 3s. cloth.

"Afterward." By LILIAN REDFORD, author of "Winning Her Way," etc. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Audrey's Jewels. By EMMA LESLIE, author of "Breaking the Fetters," "Ghaucia, the Greek Slave," etc. Illustrated by Edward Whymper. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

Constable 42 Z. By E. A. B. D. Illustrated by C. Whymper. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.

The Girl's Own Bookshelf.

Aunt Diana. By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther Cameron's Story," etc. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. bevelled boards.

My Brother's Friend. By EGLANTON THORNE. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Girl's Own Cookery Book. By PHILLIS BROWNE. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. cloth.

The Queen o' the May. By ANNE BEALE. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Master's Service. A Practical Guide for Girls. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

How to Play the Pianoforte. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

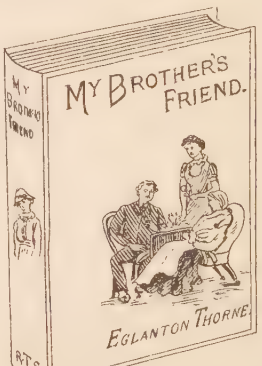
Her Object in Life. By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Sunbeam of the Factory, and other Stories. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Esther. By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Shepherd's Fairy. By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Great Auk's Eggs." Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Servants and Service. By RUTH LAMB. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.



NEW EDITIONS OF STORIES
BY
HESBA STRETTON.

The Children of Cloverley. Illustrated. 2s. cloth.
Little Meg's Children. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.
Alone in London. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. cloth.
Bede's Charity. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth.
Carola. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. cloth.
Cassy. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. cloth.
Cobwebs and Cables. Illustrated. 5s. cloth gilt edges.
The Crew of the Dolphin. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. cloth.
Enoch Roden's Training. Illustrated. 2s.
Fern's Hollow. Illustrated. 2s. cloth.
Fishers of Derby Haven. Illustrated. 2s.
Friends Till Death. Illustrated. 6d. cloth.
Jessica's First Prayer. Illustrated. 1s.
Pilgrim Street. A Story of Manchester Life. 2s. cloth.
The Sweet Story of Old. A Sunday Book for Little Children. Coloured Pictures. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The King's Servants. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.
Lost Gip. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. cloth.
Max Kromer. A Story of the Siege of Strasbourg. 1s. 6d. cloth.
No Place Like Home. Illustrated. 1s. cloth.
The Storm of Life. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. cloth.
A Thorny Path. Illustrated. 2s. cloth.
Under the Old Roof. Illustrated. 1s. cloth.
A Night and a Day. 9d. cloth.
Left Alone. 6d. cloth.
A Miserable Christmas and a Happy New Year. 9d. cloth.
The Worth of a Baby. 6d. cloth.
Sam Franklin's Savings Bank. 6d. cloth.
Michel Lorio's Cross. Illustrated. 6d. cloth.

By Mrs. O. F. WALTON.

Winter's Folly. 18 illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.
Golden Threads for Daily Weaving. A Text, Meditation, and Verse for each Morning and Evening of a Week. 6d., with floral design on cover, exquisitely printed in colours.
Christie's Old Organ; or, Home, Sweet Home. 1s. cloth.
Angel's Christmas. 16mo. 6d. cloth.
Launch the Lifeboat. With 44 Coloured Pictures or Vignettes. 4to, 3s. coloured cover.
Little Dot. Coloured Frontispiece. 6d. cloth.
Little Faith; or, The Child of the Toy-Stall. 1s. cloth.
Nobody Loves Me. Royal 16mo. 1s. cloth.
Olive's Story; or, Life at Ravenscliffe. 2s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.
Was I Right? Fine Engravings. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.
Our Gracious Queen: Pictures and Stories from Her Majesty's Life. With many Pictures. New and Revised Edition. 1s. cloth.
A Peep Behind the Scenes. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.
Poppie's Presents. Crown 8vo. 1s. cloth.
Saved at Sea. A Lighthouse Story. New and cheaper Edition. 1s. cloth.
Shadows. Scenes in the Life of an Old Arm-Chair. Imp. 16mo. 4s. cloth, gilt edges.
Taken or Left. Crown 8vo. 1s. cloth.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Our Little Dot's Picture Scrap-books.

FIRST AND SECOND SERIES.

Royal Quarto, **2s. 6d.** *each Series, in handsome coloured boards, or the TWO Series COMPLETE in ONE Volume,* **5s.** *cloth.*

Each series contains a large number of Pictures by well-known Artists, with just enough descriptive letterpress to suggest an interesting story connected with each picture. A most useful book for parents and others who have the care of young children.

Bible Stories and Pictures. With Twenty-four Coloured page Pictures and Forty Vignettes. With simple letterpress in large type. 4s. handsomely bound, cloth gilt.

Stories from Genesis. (The first volume of the New Series entitled "Stepping Stones to Bible History.") By ANNIE R. BUTLER. With thirty-nine Illustrations. 2s. 6d. cloth boards. Large type. For Young Children.

The Happiest Half-Hour; or, Sunday Talks with Children. By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A. With many Illustrations. Small quarto. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

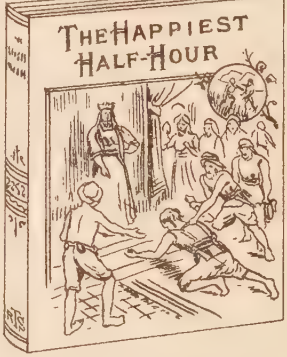
Harrison Weir's Pictures of Birds and other Family Pets. With 24 large Coloured Pictures. 5s. handsomely bound, with side in Gold and Colours.

Storyland. By SYDNEY GREY. With Thirty-two Illustrations by ROBERT BARNES' Engraved and Printed in Colour by Edmund Evans. 6s. handsomely bound in coloured boards.

Our Pets and Companions: Pictures and Stories Illustrative of Kindness to Animals. By MARY K. MARTIN. Profusely Illustrated by Weir, Stacey, Whymper, M. E. Edwards, I. G. Brittain, and others. Small 4to. New Edition, Revised, with additional Engravings. 2s. cloth boards.

Talkative Friends in Field, Farm, and Forest. By MARY E. ROPES, Author of "Tom's Bennie," "Till the Sugar Melts," etc. Profusely Illustrated. Small 4to. 2s. cloth boards.

Bible Tales for Children. With Forty Illustrations. Small 4to. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.



ATTRACTIVE SHILLING BOOKS.

In very large type, with Engravings. 1s. each in attractive coloured boards; also 1s. 6d. each in cloth boards, gilt edges.

When Jesus was here among Men. By Mrs. E. M. WATERWORTH. Large type. With Illustrations.

The Name above every Name. By Mrs. E. WATERWORTH. Large type. With Illustrations.

Stories of Bible Children. By Mrs. E. M. WATERWORTH, author of "Walking with Jesus," etc.

Blessings for the Little Ones. A new Sunday Book. By the Author of "Walking with Jesus," etc.

Sunday Afternoons at Rose Cottage. By Mrs. WATERWORTH.

Listening to Jesus. A New Sunday Book for the Little Ones.

The Beautiful House with its Seven Pillars.

Readings with the Little Ones. By AGNES GIBERNE, author of "Charity's Birthday Text," etc.

The Children's King.

The Lillies of the Field, and other Readings.

The Three Brave Princes, and other Readings for the Little Ones.

Walking with Jesus. Sunday readings for the Little Ones.

POPULAR ANNUALS.

THE Child's Companion AND *Juvenile Instructor Annual* FOR 1889.

192 pages. 8½ by 6½.

Contains a Story in twelve chapters by Mrs O. F. Walton, Author of "Christie's Old Organ," &c., and a variety of interesting reading for young folks, with a Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations. 1s. 6d. attractive coloured boards; 2s. neat cloth; 2s. 6d. handsome cloth full gilt.

Our Little Dot's Annual for 1889.

192 pages. 8½ by 6½.

The Yearly Volume of the Monthly Magazine

"OUR LITTLE DOTS."

Full of Pretty Pictures and Little Stories in Large Type. 1s. 6d. attractive coloured boards; 2s. neat cloth; 2s 6d. handsome cloth gilt.

"Just what children will like." — *Church Sunday School Magazine.*

The Cottager and Artisan Annual.

THE VOLUME FOR 1889.

It contains 144 pages of interesting reading and illustrations. A most suitable book to present to the Workmen's Institute, Club, or Reading Room, and for the Home Reading of Working People in Town and Country. Many Large Pictures, forming quite a family scrap-book. Much of the letterpress is in large type. 1s. 6d. in pretty coloured cover; 2s. 6d. cloth boards gilt.

Size of page 13½ by 10.

"Telling pictures and practical articles. We only wish that any praise of ours might increase the circulation of a most valuable periodical."—*The Times.*

"A large amount of good reading for those who have little time or opportunity. The type is large and clear, and the Illustrations numerous and good."—*Scottish Leader.*

"A welcome addition to the homes of the working classes."—*Western Morning News.*

The Tract Magazine Annual for 1889.

240 pages. 8½ by 5.

Contains Cottage Politics by M. E. Ropes, and contributions by Mrs. Nugent Jackson, Samuel Goodall, Charles Courtenay, John Telford, Adolph Saphir, George Everard, W. G. Blaikie, W. Park, W. S. Lewis, P. B. Power, M. E. Beck, R. R. Thom, Lucy Taylor, and others. With numerous Engravings. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

Friendly Greetings.

ILLUSTRATED READINGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

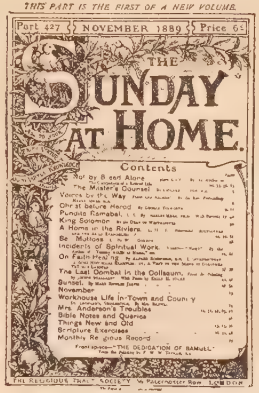
208 pages. 10⅜ by 7½.

This Illustrated Magazine is bound in half-yearly volumes. Filled with Pictures and short anecdotal papers. Each half-yearly volume complete in itself, and profusely Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

"Lively, entertaining readings. The illustrations are also very attractive." — *The Christian.*

MAGAZINES FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

THIS PART IS THE FIRST OF A NEW VOLUME.



SIXPENCE MONTHLY. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME.

"As a Sunday magazine for rich and poor, old and young, the SUNDAY AT HOME is yet without a successful rival."
—English Churchman.

New Volume commenced with November Part.

SIXPENCE MONTHLY. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

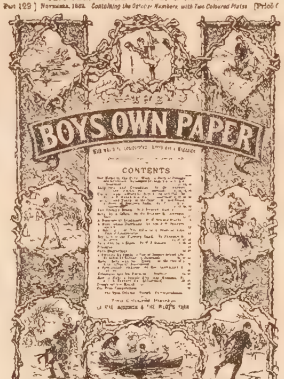
THE

BOY'S OWN PAPER.

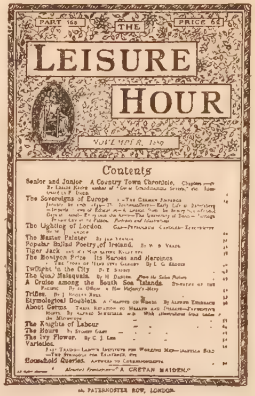
"It appeals directly to every youth, whether he loves fiction or field sports, and has a charm even for boys of maturer age."
—Daily Telegraph.

New Volume commenced with November Monthly Part.

THIS PART IS THE FIRST OF A NEW VOLUME



THIS PART IS THE FIRST OF A NEW VOLUME.



SIXPENCE MONTHLY. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

THE

GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

"It bears the reflection on every page of that inimitable character, the bright, sensible, lady-like British girl."—*The Bookseller.*

New Volume commenced with November Monthly Part.

NEW SERIES. SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

THE

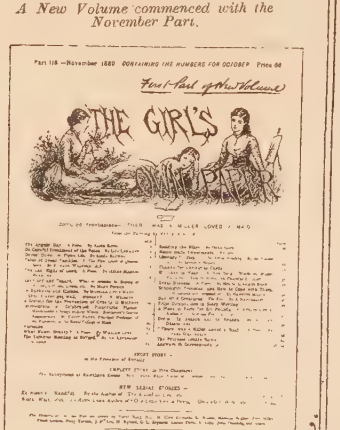
LEISURE HOUR.

A Monthly Magazine for Family and General Reading.

"One of the most readable of the magazines."—*Graphic.*

"Quality and quantity are alike surprising."—*Liverpool Post.*

A New Volume commenced with the November Part.



LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.